

THE GRAPHIC

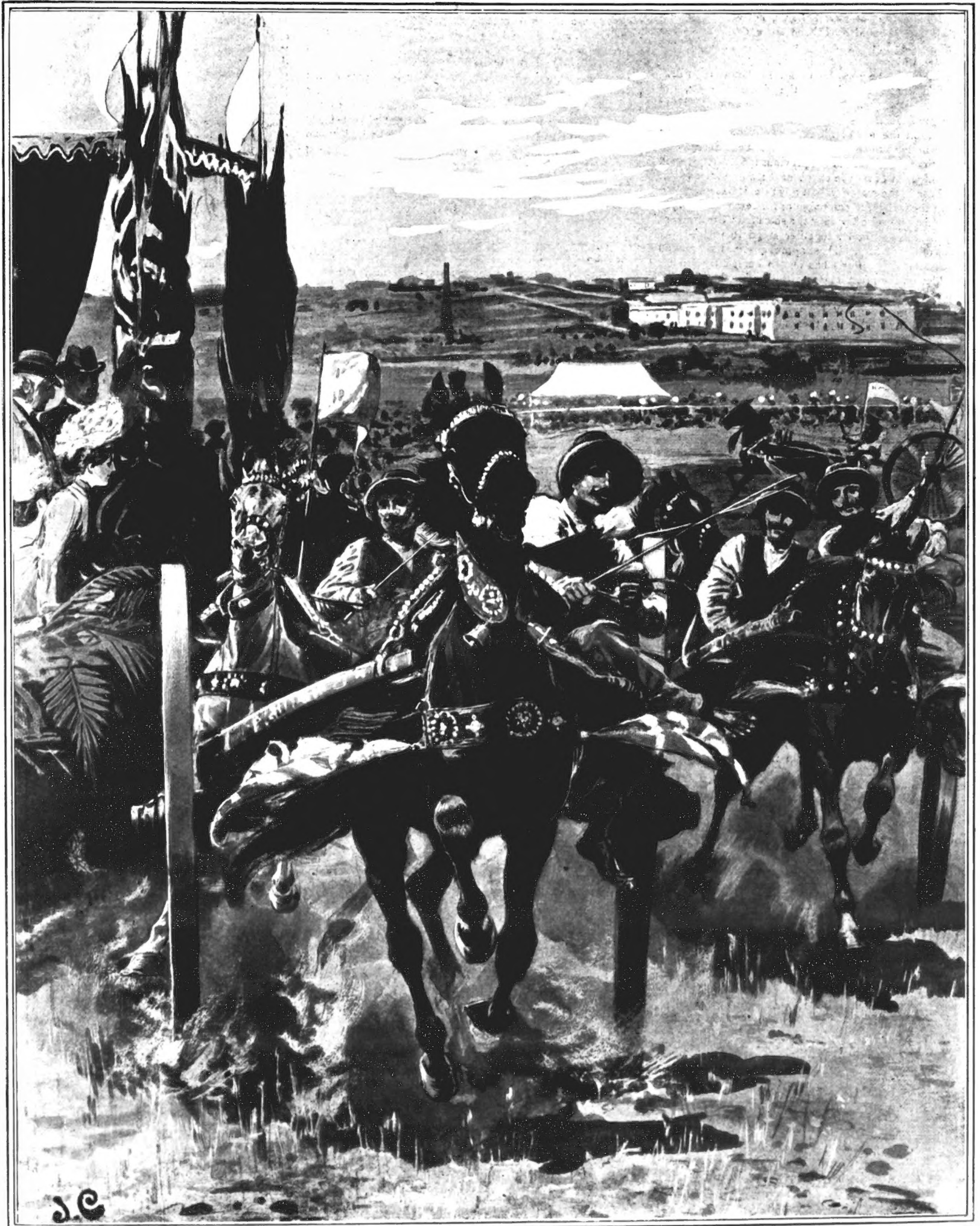
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1902

WITH EXTRA COLOURED SUPPLEMENT
"The Four Seasons—Spring"

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DRAWN BY JOHN CHARLTON

FROM A SKETCH BY A. GASCOIGNE WILDEY, R.N.

The Horse Show at Malta, which is an annual affair, embraces a great variety of events, such as tent-pegging, tandem-driving, V.C. races, and other items usually found in gymkhana programmes. One of the most picturesque events is the parade of country carts. The horses are gaily decked, and the drivers,

who, by the way, all sit sideways on the near shaft, there being no seats in these primitive carts, take the greatest pride in showing off the best qualities of their animals. The Show is intended to encourage the local tenant farmers to breed good horses.

THE MALTA HORSE SHOW: THE PARADE OF COUNTRY CARTS BEFORE THE GOVERNOR

Topics of the Week

The French Elections

THE French Elections have completely reassured Europe as to the stability of the Third Republic and the continued preponderance in the councils of the nation of the sober and level-headed parties now in power. The verdict of the constituencies is unequivocally in favour of the *status quo*, and is a complete endorsement of the policy of pacification at home and abroad which has marked the Presidency of M. Loubet. It was, perhaps, not altogether surprising that there should have been some doubt as to the result. Since the Chamber of 1898 was elected, many things had happened which were certainly not sanctioned in advance of the electorate. The election of M. Loubet to the Presidency, the dramatic solution of the Dreyfus Case, the courageous *dénouement* of the Fashoda adventure, and the passing of the Anti-Clerical Associations Law, had all happened within the life of the defunct Chamber, and there was little or nothing to show how the constituencies regarded these sensational products of their previous mandate. Judged by their clamour in Paris, the critics of these measures might well have been in the majority. At any rate, it was difficult to believe that the malignant campaign of M. Lemaître's League of the "Patrie Française" against the so-called "Government of National Treason" had altogether failed to unsettle the convictions of the country. These apprehensions have proved groundless. Although Paris has shown herself true to her traditional levity, the great mass of the nation has sturdily approved of the work of the men who have laboured to give France a quiet life. They have not only pledged their allegiance to the Republic, but they have declared with unmistakable decision for a continuance of the calm, practical, moderate and unsentimental administration of the coalition of Republicans and Radicals now serving under M. Waldeck-Rousseau. It is a triumph of good sense, on which France is to be heartily congratulated. We trust that its moral will be taken to heart in Paris. It is indeed pitiable that a city which justly boasts of its high intelligence should have allowed itself to be victimised by such shallow agitators as the men of the "Patrie Française." While the peasants of France have done their duty with a sturdy sense of responsibility, Paris has played the part of an *enfant terrible*.

Business in Parliament

BUSINESS in the House of Commons is not going very well. The discussion of the New Rules of Procedure has occupied an amount of time altogether disproportional to their value, with the result that work of a more important character has been thrown back. The situation has at last become so serious that the Government has resolved to hold an Autumn Session as the only means of getting through the legislative programme announced in the King's Speech. The most important item in this programme is the Education Bill, and the Government have wisely determined that this measure must be got through at all costs. As for the rest of the programme, it is by no means certain that, even with an autumn session, much progress can be made. The highly contentious Budget proposals have still to be debated at the various stages of the Finance Bill; a good deal of Supply has still to be voted, while all kinds of questions crop up from time to time and delay purely legislative work. One of these stray questions was brought up the other day by Mr. John Morley, who wanted to know why Mr. Cartwright was detained in South Africa against his will. Unfortunately the Government knew as little as Mr. Morley. It is quite possible that there were circumstances connected with Mr. Cartwright's case which fully justified his detention in South Africa as a matter of military precaution, but if so, the Government should have ascertained the fact from Lord Kitchener, so as to have their defence ready. The success of Mr. Morley's attack will certainly encourage a repetition of the onslaught on some fresh issue, so that the Government can by no means count on a clear course for their business.

Russian Discontent

THE student of modern history will not be slow to trace an ominous resemblance between the present fermentation in Russia and that which prefaced the French Revolution and all its horrors. Discontent pervades almost all sections of the population; behind the students and their allies, the urban workmen, loom up myriads of starving peasants, clamouring for food. To all malcontents, the ruling classes, like the French aristocracy, give the same answer; it is that fateful *non possumus* with which new ideas are always opposed by the champions of old ideas. Popular discontent, popular riotings, popular manifestations of revolutionary rage? Well, a whiff of grapeshot, or, better still, the Cossack's lance, will soon remedy that sort of thing. But how would it be if the Russian troops, being in turn permeated by

new ideas, were to prove untrustworthy? In the history of the world that has happened often enough; the sword is a good servant, but as we learned from the Indian Mutiny, it has the makings of a very bad master when once convinced of its own omnipotence. Too little is known of the Russian rank and file to form any judgment as to their staunchness if called out to suppress popular commotions. But rumour asserts that many of the non-commissioned officers are touched by ardent aspirations for free institutions, and if that be the case to any considerable extent the whole fabric of despotic rule, with the bureaucracy begotten of it, may tumble to pieces like a house of cards. The Cossack, fierce soldier as he is, has no room in his dull head for new ideas, but if the other troops sided with any general political upheaval his fidelity could not be trusted very far. It is a touching incident that the poor peasants, in their ignorance of the real causes from which they suffer, should attribute their misery, as their class in China was taught to do, to the immigration of "foreign devils." One might almost fancy that the word had been put into their mouths by Russian mandarins to divert popular wrath from such speculating officials as the scoundrel who appropriated food placed at his disposal for the relief of famine.

From Cape to Cairo

BERLIN is seething with only partly suppressed dissatisfaction at the arrangement just come to for supplying the missing links in the Cape to Cairo Railway. Instead of passing through German territory, as was originally intended, the line will run through the Congo Free State and so connect the Rhodesian system with the Nile. No doubt Germany will suffer heavily by the diversion of trade. But England is not in the least to blame for that. When the Berlin Government strongly and successfully objected to the leasing of a narrow strip of Congo State land to England for the railway Mr. Rhodes was magnanimous enough to start negotiations for running a branch into German territory, on condition that it was met by a German railway connecting with the littoral. But that feeder still remains to be built, and as the Kaiser seems to be helpless in Africa, England had nothing for it but to carry out the gigantic work without German co-operation. The marvellous thing is that what appeared only a few years back a wholly visionary conception, should have already advanced a long way towards completely successful realisation. When Mr. Rhodes first outlined his idea of a great trunk railway from Cape Town to Cairo, the world laughed at the notion and called him a dreamer of dreams. But the major portion of the work is already accomplished, and when the Zambesi is brought into touch with the lake region, there will only remain the continuation of the Egyptian railway from Khartoum to Lake Albert Edward to finish the greatest commercial highway in the world.

American Capital and British Profits

THERE is one side of the so-called "American Invasion" which deserves more and closer consideration than it has yet received. Our cousins over the water do not make any pretence of being moved by philanthropy to pour their surplus capital into England. They frankly admit that they hope to make larger profits than would be possible in their own country. That is entirely legitimate; British capitalists have done precisely the same again and again, as the whole world bears witness. All the same, it is disquieting to foresee that whatever profits may reward American enterprise and courage in this daring venture must be at the loss of our business world. Being a commercial and manufacturing country, England must perforce live largely on trading profits, and the larger or smaller they are, the richer or poorer is her economic condition. It is true, a very large amount of British capital will be set free by the substitution of American capital in the various invaded industries. Nor is it improbable that very good prices will be realised by the bought-out concerns—fancy prices, in some cases. But it remains to be seen whether the money thus rendered available for the exploitation of our Imperial resources will earn as good interest as when embarked in home business. Be that as it may, the hundreds of millions said to be at the disposal of Mr. Pierpont Morgan for the conquest of England by piecemeal purchase will, if successfully employed, eventually involve the annual transfer of business profits to a very large amount from this side of the Atlantic to the other side, and that is not a pleasant thought.

ILLUSTRATED ARTICLES ON
"NEW STAMPS OF THE MONTH"
AND
"CRICKET, PAST AND PRESENT"
Are among the Interesting Features in This Week's
GOLDEN PENNY.

The Bystander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUTTLE

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

AND it came to pass that when a thrilling feeling of spring pervaded the land, when the air was soft and balmy, and the sunshine hot and brilliant, the Bystander, being weary with the everlasting transformation of the town and the constant changes that are ever and anon taking place in our great City, bethought him that he would wander on London Bridge, gaze upon the forest of masts that crowd the busy Pool, and watch the rapid river as it swirls and eddies and hastens towards the sea. "Here," said he, "I shall find no changes. I shall be shocked by no sudden alterations. I shall find that sturdy mass of granite as solid and as immovable as it was in the days of my boyhood." Alas! his expectations were not to be realised. The spirit of unrest, the constant longing for change which pervades this Twentieth Century, had even infected Sir John Rennie's massive and adamant structure, and though it has firmly resisted all attempts at improvement for over seventy years, it is at last compelled to yield to the spirit of the times.

The massive granite recesses with seats have all been removed, preparatory to widening the bridge. I do not know that these seats were much used in the daytime, but I have seen them plentifully peopled by poor wretched sleepers when I have made nocturnal rambles across the bridge, and you may recollect one of these bays is the scene of an important incident in that excellent story, "Archie Lovell." A still more notable scene in a yet more celebrated novel—namely, "Oliver Twist"—disappears with the present alterations. Down the steps on the upper side of the bridge on the Surrey side, hard by the Bridge House Hotel, was the spot of the meeting of Nancy, Rose Maylie and Mr. Brownlow. The scenery has been practically unchanged since the novel was written more than sixty years ago. I described the place at length in my "Dickens in Southwark," which has long formed a guide-book for Americans and others when hunting out places associated with the great novelist on the Surrey side. The spot, however, has now disappeared altogether. The steps are closed to the public, and the whole place is filled with vast timbers and blocks of stone, preparatory to the alteration. The scene, however, has been admirably preserved in an excellent picture by Mr. A. McCormick, who accompanied me on my tour in Southwark and furnished the illustrations. I can recall that those tide-washed steps were very slippery, and when we were trying to arrange the exact point of view for the drawing we both of us nearly fell into the river.

The view from the bridge is not so striking as it was of old. It has been considerably spoiled by the introduction of the Tower Bridge. Doubtless this is a very useful institution and a fine bit of engineering, but pictorially it is not a success. Its vast proportions are overpowering. It dwarfs everything in its immediate neighbourhood, it makes even the majestic Tower look insignificant, it interferes with the long perspective of shipping and gives one the idea of a Brolbingnagian gate that would like to lock up the port of London altogether. The sense of freedom, of light, and of air; the feeling of going seaward that used to accompany the view from the lower side of the bridge is altogether gone. We get just a little glimpse of grateful greenery at the Tower, and wish there might be more of it. Why, as an old friend of mine was asking the other day, are there not trees on the Custom House Quay? It is probably not recognised that this terrace is the very germ of the Thames Embankment, and there is no reason whatever that it should not be made as beautiful. If this arid expanse of shingle were well planted and laid out as a garden it would not only be an ornament to the river bank but a great boon to the inhabitants of this part of London.

Some time ago there was a considerable controversy in this column with regard to Mr. Pickwick and the "Golden Cross," and I think I at length made it clear that the house that Mr. Pickwick patronised had nothing whatever to do with the present hostelry. There were some, however, disposed to think that the inn where David Copperfield met Steerforth was the "Golden Cross" at present existing. This, I think, may be contradicted on the best authority. I came across the passage in the novel the other day where David "stood peeping out of window at King Charles on horseback and looking anything but regal in a drizzling rain and a dark brown fog." Now this seems to be conclusive. From the present hotel I doubt if anyone could see the statue at all, but at the old one it would be exactly opposite the front of the house.

When I first in this column spoke of the danger to London by tunnelling in all directions I was jeered at as an alarmist and sneered at as a faddist, but since then people have been convinced of the soundness of my warnings and see the probability of my fears being realised sooner or later. When we have cracked innumerable buildings and rendered the foundations of London altogether unstable, we shall probably discover we have taken all this trouble and have not succeeded in attaining the result we looked for. If we imagine we shall, by the methods alluded to, relieve the traffic of the streets we are lamentably mistaken. The "Twopenny Tube" has not relieved the streets, but it has added to the crowds. The more tubes you have, the more the streets will be thronged. Some time ago I quoted the line, "Facility of communication begets overcrowding," and every day one is more and more convinced of the truth of this axiom. A century ago, by reason of the difficulty of travelling, people remained in their own counties and helped to expand their own towns and villages; now they all rush up to London and overcrowd it. Though the multiplication of tubes may be an excellent thing for their shareholders, I cannot see that it will have the effect of relieving the traffic. Indeed, it appears to be more likely to increase it.

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2.0 p.m. Full Orchestral Band	8.7 The Tall Tenor
2.5 Cissie Trent, Danseuse	8.12 The Adler Trio
2.16 Circus, Gruber "Liberty"	8.24 Circus, High School
2.22 Musical Clowns	8.30 The Boxing Horses
2.28 Circus, Powells' Vaulting	8.42 The Female Blondin
2.33 Jolly Joe Colverd	8.58 A Bull Fight
2.40 Circus, High School	9.0 Circus Act, Bolero
2.47 Circus, Mlle. Kling	9.7 The Cingalese Tamil Actors
2.50 Sisters Woerth, Dancers	9.17 Circus Act, Powells
3.2 Wal Robins, Comic	9.30 Circus Act, Bisini's 10 Arabian Horses
3.12 Circus, Tandem	9.44 The Living Pictures
3.17 The Female Blondin	10.0 Grand Swimming Entertainment
3.32 Circus, Mlle. Bisini	10.10 Grand Organ
3.37 The Boxing Horses	10.15 Mlle. Kyrle
3.50 A Bull Fight	10.20 Full Orchestral Band
3.52 The Musical Lindsay's	10.25 Wal Robins, Comic
4.2 The Cingalese Tamil Actors	10.35 Circus, Vaulting Act
4.14 Circus, The Powells	10.40 The Clown Trio
4.26 The Acrobatic Clowns	10.50 Circus, Tandem Gruber
4.36 Circus Act, Bisini's 10 Arabian Horses	10.55 Musical Clowns
4.50 The Living Pictures	11.5 Chiyokichis' Japanese
5.5 Grand Swimming Entertainment	11.15 Sisters Woerth, Dancers
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EX-JUDGE KOCK
Now being tried as a spy



THE LATE CAPTAIN SIR T. FOWLER
Killed at Moolman's Spruit



THE LATE LIEUTENANT ARTHUR BULL
Died of wounds received at Rooival



CAPTAIN P. S. SALTER
Killed at Rooival

War Portraits

CAPTAIN SIR THOMAS FOWLER, of the 1st Battalion (Wiltshire) Imperial Yeomanry, who was killed at Olivier's Farm, Moolman's Spruit, near Ficksburg, was the son of Sir Robert Fowler, the first baronet, of Gastard, who was Lord Mayor of London in 1883-84, and for many years a member of the House of Commons. Sir Thomas Fowler was born in 1868, and was educated at Harrow. He succeeded his father in 1891. He was a lieutenant for the County of London. Sir Thomas Fowler, who belonged to the Royal Wiltshire Imperial Yeomanry, was promoted captain of the 1st Battalion of Imperial Yeomanry in South Africa in January, 1901. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

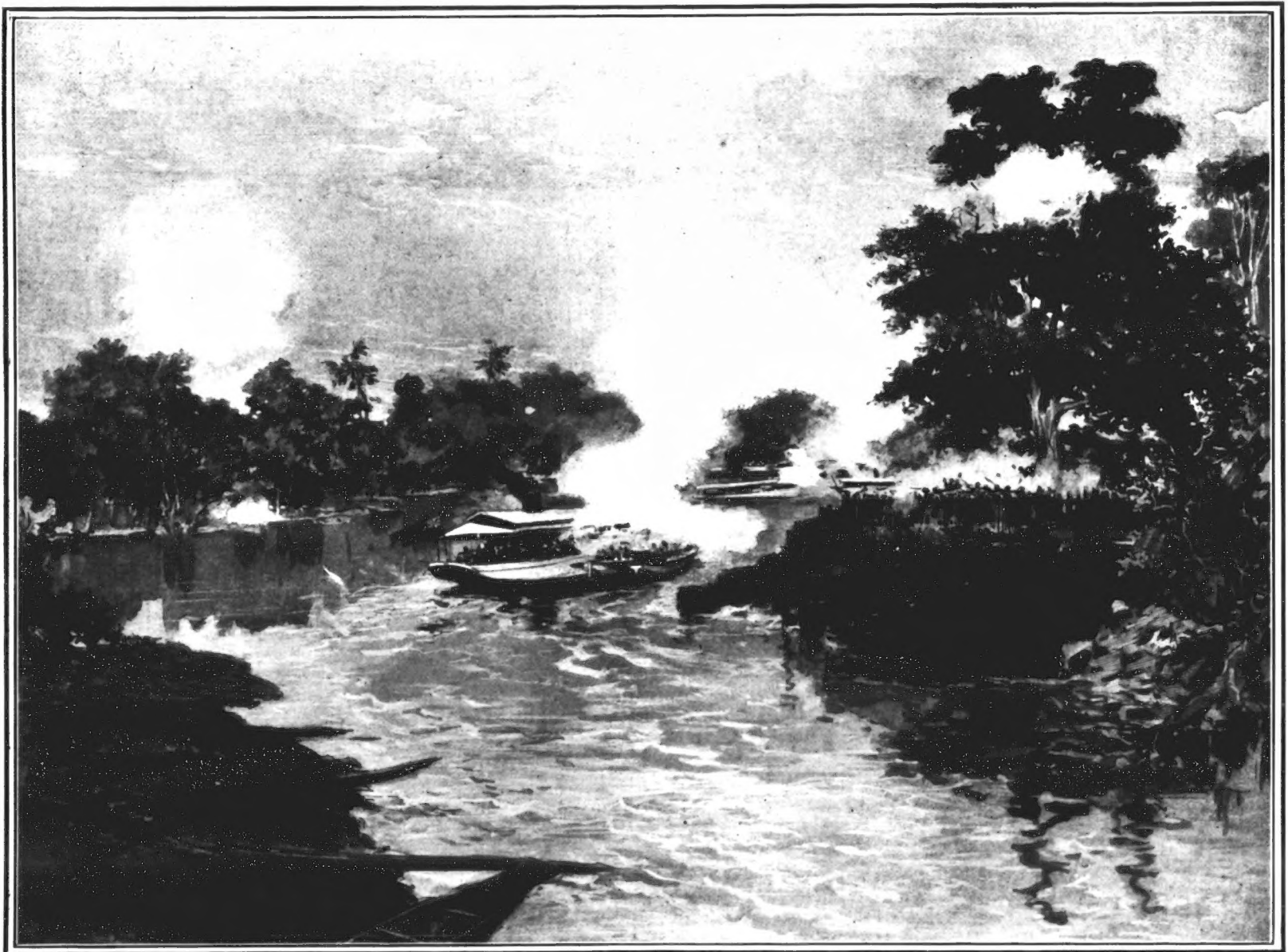
Captain Philip Stanley Salter, 7th Battalion Imperial Yeomanry, who was killed in the attack on Colonel Kekewich's column at Rooival, was the son of Mr. Philip Salter, of Newlands, Broadclyst, near Exeter. Captain Salter, who was about twenty-eight

years of age, rose from the ranks. He enlisted in the Devonshire Yeomanry at the outbreak of the war, and sailed for South Africa with the first batch of Imperial Yeomanry on February 28, 1900, the day the news arrived of the relief of La lysmith. He was gazetted lieutenant in April, 1901, and captain in July. Captain Salter was slightly wounded at Kranspoort in October last. On that occasion he got into a Boer laager, and was going back to help a wounded man when he was shot in the arm. Our portrait is by Duffus Brothers, Cape Town.

Lieutenant Arthur Bull, of the 3rd Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, died of wounds received in action at Rooival. He was on special service in South Africa attached to the 21st Battalion Mounted Infantry. Lieutenant Bull joined the army in May, 1900. Our portrait is by Lawrence, Dublin.

Ex-Judge Kock has been undergoing trial on various charges of espionage and horse stealing. Mr. Kock, who pleaded not guilty,

declined to be examined, and also declared that he had no witnesses. Judgment has been reserved. Ex-Judge Kock is a son of General Kock, the Boer leader who was killed at Elandsplaagte. He held a judicial position at Johannesburg before the war, and earned a good deal of notoriety by his biased action at the trial of the policeman Jones for the murder of the Uitlander, Mr. Edgar, at Johannesburg. He appears to have gone to Europe when the war broke out, but last September returned to South Africa. He travelled as a second-class passenger on board the *Scot*, and described himself as one Polensky. He appears to have obtained travelling permits from the military authorities, which he is alleged to have used for espionage purposes. Last January he was captured with some other Boers near Graaf Reinet by a body of District Mounted Troops. He then stated that his name was Morrees, and that he was a Free State burgher. These statements were disbelieved, and a diligent search was instituted, with the result that Morrees, *alias* Polensky, was found to be no other than Judge Kock. On being taxed with this identification he at once admitted it.



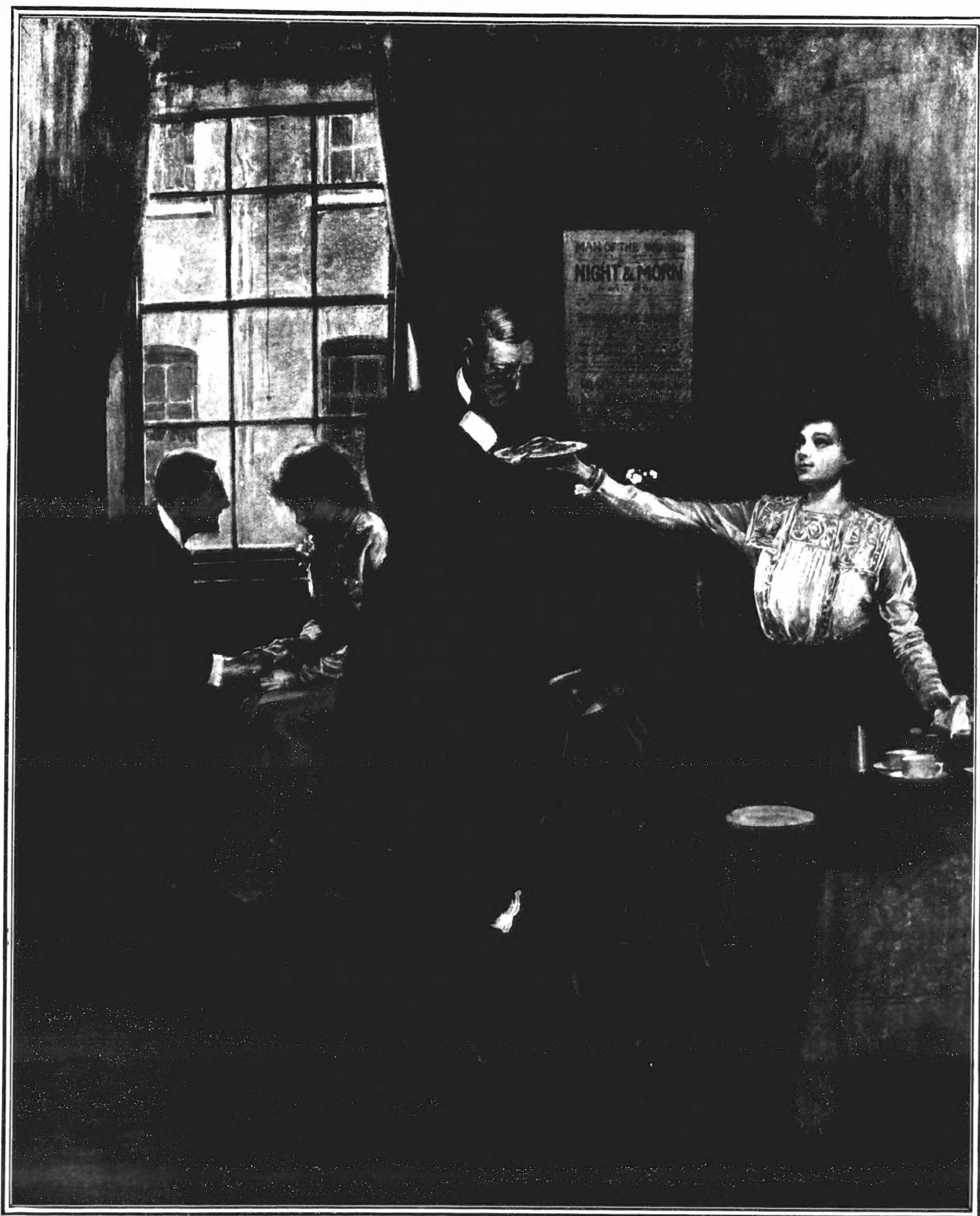
DRAWN BY F. DE HAESSEN

Piracy, murder and disregard for the laws of Southern Nigeria brought about the severe punishment inflicted on the truculent towns of Egbedie, Heyama and Otuwa, in the Lower Niger. A column of the Aro Field Force, under Major Hodson, I.S.C., consisting of a company of the South Nigeria Regiment, West African Field Force, commanded by Captain W. H. Beverley, and three launches was despatched to the disturbed district. Owing to the strength and fighting qualities of the enemy, the force was found insufficient to carry out the operations, and Major Hodson decided to call upon H.M. gunboat "Thrush" for assistance. In less than three days about sixty marines and bluejackets under Lieutenant-Commander D'Oily, with two 3-pounders and three machine guns, were upon the spot, an extremely

smart performance. Information was received to the effect that the enemy intended lining the banks for some miles, and firing into the boats. As the launches advanced they poured in a heavy shell fire. Notwithstanding this, the enemy chose a portion of the bank where the river makes a sharp turn and the channel necessitates vessels going in close. Selecting the last launch, which was crowded with officers and soldiers, they poured in a terrific fire, wounding five men. All our fire was immediately concentrated on the bush until the enemy were silenced. It was afterwards learnt they had forty casualties in this attack. Later, the troops landed under Captain Beverley, who rushed the town, which was afterwards burnt.

FROM A SKETCH BY A BRITISH OFFICER

WITH THE ARO EXPEDITION: A DAY'S WORK BY BLUEJACKETS AND MARINES



The Hon. George D'Alroy
(Mr. Allan Aynesworth)

Ethel Eccles
(Miss Winifred Emery)

Captain Hawtree
(Mr. Brandon Thomas)

Polly Eccles
(Miss Marie Tempest)

POLLY ECCLES: "Do you like ham?"
CAPTAIN HAWTREE: "Yes."
POLLY ECCLES: "Really now; I should have thought you'd have been above ham. You look quite up to tongue-glazed"

THE REVIVAL OF "CASTE" AT THE HAYMARKET

DRAWN BY H. M. PAGET

The Court

BOTH the King and Queen have been away from town for a few days this week. King Edward has been at Newmarket for the first spring meeting, while Queen Alexandra joined Princess Victoria at Cromer, where the Princess has spent the last month at Overstrand Hall, Lord Hillingdon's house. Before their Majesties' departure, Princesses Christian, Louise, and Beatrice came to see them at Buckingham Palace, and on Saturday afternoon, the Queen having by then left for Norfolk, the King went to Lord's to see the Lacrosse match between Toronto and the British team. A Royal box had been arranged on the grand stand, where the Prince and Princess of Wales, Princess Christian and her daughter, and Princess Henry of Battenberg, with Princess Ena, awaited the King, who was formally welcomed by the Duke and Duchess of Argyll. As His Majesty came in the teams stopped play and formed in front of the Royal box to cheer him. This was the first time a British Sovereign had visited Lord's, although King Edward was often there as Prince of Wales. The Royal party had tea together in a room at the back of the box. In the evening the King went to the Alhambra to see the new ballet. On Sunday morning His Majesty attended Service at the Chapel Royal, St. James, and in the evening he dined with the Officers of the First Life Guards. On Tuesday King Edward left for Newmarket, but the King and Queen were to return to Buckingham Palace yesterday (Friday), as the second Court was fixed for last night. During their absence the alterations at the Palace have gone on briskly, and the renovated gardens already look very beautiful. A good many old elms which were unsafe have been removed, the King and Queen themselves planting young saplings in their stead. Their Majesties will stay at the Palace until the 19th inst., when they go to Windsor for Whitsuntide. They will be at the Castle again for Ascot week, driving to the course in State on both the Tuesday and Thursday.

Many more important details respecting the Coronation were finally settled at the Privy Council held by the King last week. The Service itself is to be materially shortened. Thus the Homage from the Peers—hitherto such a lengthy ceremony—is to be paid only by the senior peer of each degree, representing his fellows. The Ten Commandments, the First Oblation, the Hallelujah Chorus, Anthem and final prayer—the last only a repetition of those said previously—will be omitted, and the Litany and Benediction curtailed, while the old custom of throwing gold and silver medals among the people as *largesse*—which resulted in an unseemly scramble—is abolished. Commemorative medals will be given later to those present. The following, therefore, is the order of



A GARDEN PARTY AT THE ELYSEE: MADAME LOUBET RECEIVING HER GUESTS
From a Photograph by Leon Bonet

Service. The King and Queen enter the Abbey by the west door, welcomed by an anthem and the shouts of the Westminster scholars, and proceed to the special platform or theatre where their State chairs are placed. First there is a "Recognition," the Archbishop of Canterbury and other officials presenting the King to his people successively on the four sides of the platform. The Regalia having

been placed on the altar, the Litany and beginning of the Communion Service will be said, followed by a short sermon from the Bishop of London, during which the King puts on his crimson velvet cap of State. Now comes the King's solemn taking of the oath, and his anointing by the Archbishop of Canterbury, as His Majesty sits in a chair near the altar under a pall held over him



On Sunday afternoon, on the Horse Guards' Parade, General Sir Henry Trotter inspected the newly formed Corps of Imperial Yeomanry, to which the title of "King's Colonials" has been given. It is composed entirely of Colonials residing in and near London, and the Prince of Wales has become its honorary colonel. The regiment has been formed as a recognition by the King of the valuable services rendered to the Empire by the Colonials, and with the object of creating a permanent link between Colonials at home and abroad, and at the same time bringing them in close

touch with the regular forces of the Crown. Its strength will be 500 of all ranks. The uniform is a dull brown, with red facings, and slouch hat turned up at one side, with an upright plume of red. The commandant is Lieutenant-Colonel N. Willoughby Wallace. Sir Henry Trotter, after passing along the lines, heartily commended the men on their smart and soldier-like appearance. After the inspection the regiment, headed by its band, marched to St. George's Hanover Square, where a special service was held

THE INSPECTION OF THE "KING'S COLONIALS": GENERAL SIR HENRY TROTTER ADDRESSING THE MEN

DRAWN BY GEORGE SOPER

by four Knights of the Garter. The King is anointed in the form of a cross on head and hands, and after a prayer the Dean of Westminster invests him with the supertunica. One by one His Majesty receives the spurs, the sword of State, the Royal robe, the orb, the ring, sceptre and gloves leading up to the climax of the Crown being placed on his head by the Archbishop amid a fanfare of trumpets and the salute from the Tower guns. A Bible is given to the King, who is then addressed for the first time as "Our Gracious King," and after the Benediction and a Te Deum, the King is placed on his Throne with a solemn charge, and the Homage is paid. The next step is the Queen's Coronation, Her Majesty being anointed on the head only, and being crowned by the Archbishop of York. Finally the Communion Service is proceeded with, and at its close their Majesties pass into St. Edward's Chapel to lay aside their robes.

During their Colonial Tour the Prince and Princess of Wales received so many beautiful gifts and addresses that the forthcoming display of the presents at the Imperial Institute will prove a most interesting show. The Exhibition is to open on May 15. The Prince and Princess of Wales were at the Savoy Theatre last Saturday night. To-day (Saturday) they visit the Crystal Palace for the Festival of the London Diocesan Juvenile Branch of the Church of England Temperance Society. Next Tuesday the Princess will attend the matinée at the Haymarket Theatre in aid of the Princess Mary's Village Homes.

Madame Loubet

MADAME LOUBET is naturally of a retiring disposition, and nobody at first did more to dissuade M. Loubet from accepting the Presidency of the French Republic than she did. But when once convinced that it was her husband's duty to undertake the chief magistracy, Madame Loubet became at once what she had been at the Palais du Sénat and at the Ministry of the Interior, the brave and devoted helper of her husband in all his work. It was in 1869 that the charming and graceful Mademoiselle Marie Picard married Émile Loubet. From this happy marriage there have been born three children. The eldest is now Madame Soubeyran de Saint Prix; next comes Paul, a barrister, and lastly Émile, a boy of nine, who is naturally the delight of the whole family. Madame Loubet herself wisely keeps clear of politics and devotes herself to furthering charitable and national objects. She has visited all the *crèches* and dispensaries, and at each she has left a generous contribution. If President Loubet has gained the respect of all by his firmness, uprightness and uniform courtesy, Madame Loubet has won the affection of everyone by her constant acts of kindness. As a hostess she is admirable, and has at various times entertained the King of Sweden, the King of Greece, the King of the Belgians, the Bey of Tunis, the Khedive of Egypt, the King of Siam, and other Royal personages. Of course her greatest triumph was the entertainment of the Tsar and Tsarina. The latter and Madame Loubet found much in common to interest them in conversation, and the Tsar's polite attention to the wife of the President was most marked. At the Elysée science, literature and art are all honoured, but there is no doubt that art comes first with Madame Loubet, whose greatest pleasure it is to accompany her husband to the Salons. The entertainments at the Elysée under the *régime* of Madame Loubet are very delightful, and invitations are eagerly sought for. Madame Loubet seems equally happy in her manner, whether entertaining a crowned head or being quietly a guest at a little country wedding.

"Place aux Dames"

BY LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

THE picturesquely old-fashioned style of Royal documents reminds one how sadly courteous titles and pleasant greetings have gone out of fashion. We no longer express ourselves thus:—"Right truly and well-beloved cousin, we greet you well." We do not write ourselves "obedient servants," or bid our friends "most

husband, Sir Henry Tate, by which provision is made for the services of a Queen's nurse in perpetuity in the borough of West Ham, with which thickly populated neighbourhood Sir Henry was associated. Nurses and hospitals are ever necessary, and such foundations add immensely to the comfort and well-being of the community.

The country just now is a blaze of beauty with the fruit trees in their showy blossoms. So are the parks, where the tulips and other bulbs flower in all their bravery of colour. The rose-pink tulips are almost as lovely as roses, while the scent of the hyacinths is overpowering. The scheme of floral decoration has been reduced to a science; nowadays the carpets of blossom, the flowering shrubs, the art of dainty selection make it a perfect delight to wander up and down and gaze at the flowers in the parks, which are brought to a perfection almost impossible to the ordinary gardener. Why does not some notable person adopt the tulip as his flower? It is far more effective than the primrose and can be cultivated to any extent like the rose, while it is almost the first and certainly the most glorious and showy of the spring flowers.

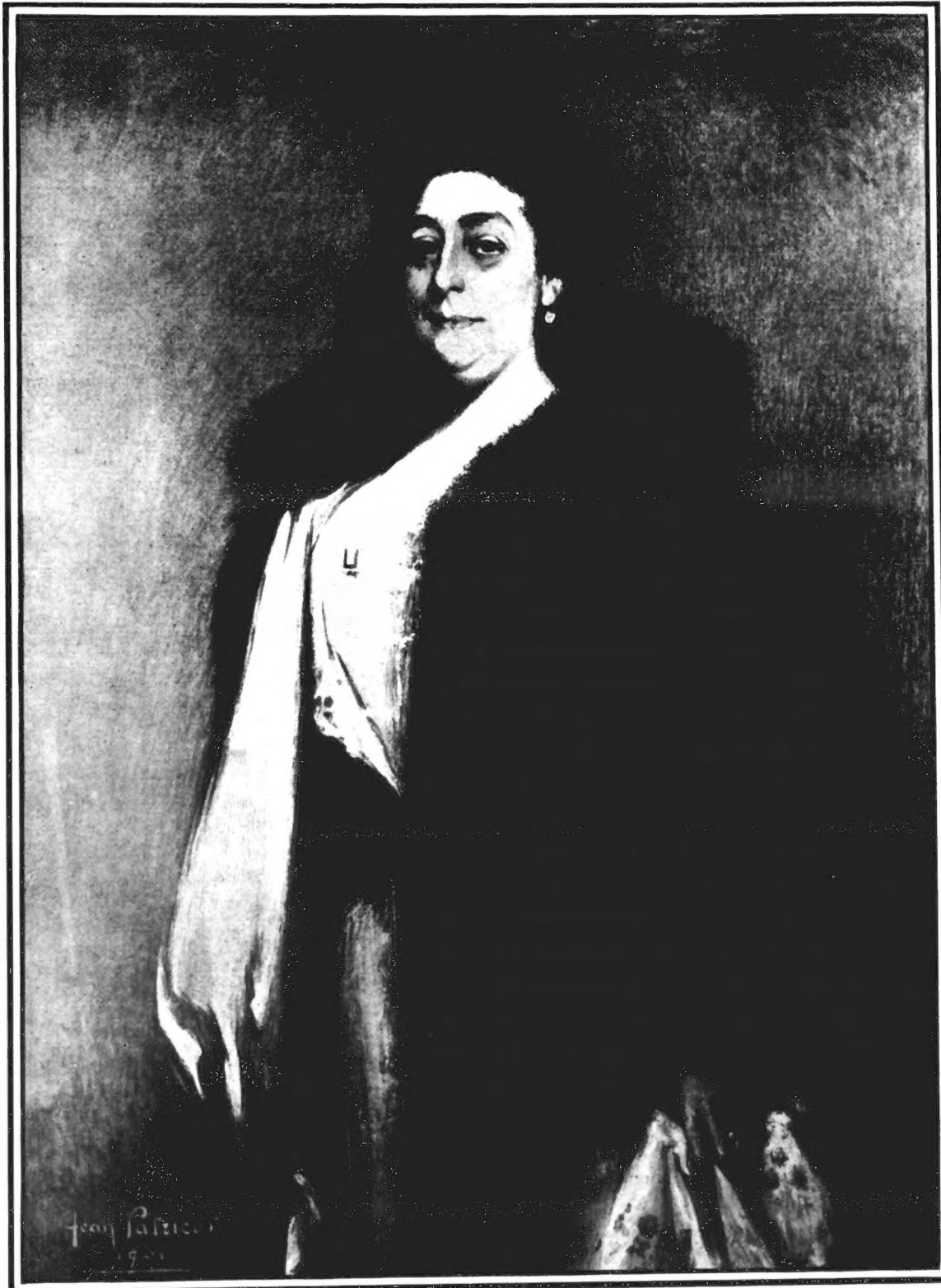
In old books and plays one constantly comes across the hoyden. She is invariably lovable and settles down from her pranks as soon as she is united with a husband. Nowadays we have no hoydens, but we have hooligan girls both in and out of Society, and I do not think the change is for the better. The hooligan cares for nothing and nobody, there is an element of brutality in her romping that was wanting in the hoyden, her aims are purely selfish and she despises and sneers at women who are more seriously inclined than herself. She resents all claims of duty, and her high spirits are due rather to rebellious bitterness than to the ebullition of pure vitality. She tramples on people's feelings, emancipates herself from all restraint, and throws propriety to the winds. Let us hope that the hooligan girl, like the hooligan boy, whose faults are due to a system of defective education, may soon disappear. She will not be regretted, and it has proved the truth of the proverb that "a little learning is a dangerous thing."

There is sometimes a curious wave of coincidence in the air, which, while it cannot be accounted for in supernatural fashion, yet is strangely mysterious. For instance, an epidemic of dressmakers' plays suddenly broke out a few months ago, and now, though Dante has been dead for centuries, several playwrights have simultaneously seized on his story of "Paolo and Francesca." Gabriele d'Annunzio has written a play on the subject for the great actress Duse. Mr. Phillips has tried his hand on the same theme, and now we hear that Mme. Sarah Bernhardt has scored a great success with Mr. Marion Crawford's first dramatic venture. It will be interesting to compare Mme. Duse and Mme. Bernhardt in their renderings of the same passionate part, and it is also instructive to learn that, according to history, Francesca did not die until she reached the age of thirty-seven, and, therefore, was no child heroine.

Houses are not letting freely for the Coronation, I understand. The result is the same as at the Jubilee, when people over-reached themselves in their desire to make money. Foreigners preferred hotels, and the houses were left standing empty. Hotels are, of course, far more convenient for people who only wish to come to town for a few weeks, and do not care to be burdened with the ties and worries of housekeeping.

heartily farewell." We do not address our husbands as "dear heart," or our sweethearts as "dear and honoured lady." We wire a mere name without prefix, and sign ourselves "yours." No doubt the hurry and bustle of modern life renders brevity necessary, yet it seems a pity that some of the pleasant, ancient and affectionate forms of speech should be given up and fall into disuse, that existence should become purely matter-of-fact and commonplace, and be shorn of the exquisite trifles and ingenious fancies which threw a glamour over the relationships and familiar intercourse of our ancestors.

The Queen's nurses have received a very agreeable donation in the shape of a sum given by Amy Lady Tate, in memory of her



MADAME ÉMILE LOUBET, WIFE OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC

FROM THE PORTRAIT BY JEAN PATRICE, EXHIBITED IN THE SALON. PHOTOGRAPHED BY LÉON BOUËT



MR. JOHN GAVEY
New Engineer-in-Chief at the Post Office



MR. JAMES HOOKEY
Engineer-in-Chief at the Post Office, who has just retired



REAR-ADMIRAL LORD CHARLES BERESFORD
New M.P. for Woolwich



MR. H. A. LAW
New M.P. for West Donegal



THE LATE MR. GERALD GEOGHEGAN
Well-known Criminal Barrister

Our Portraits

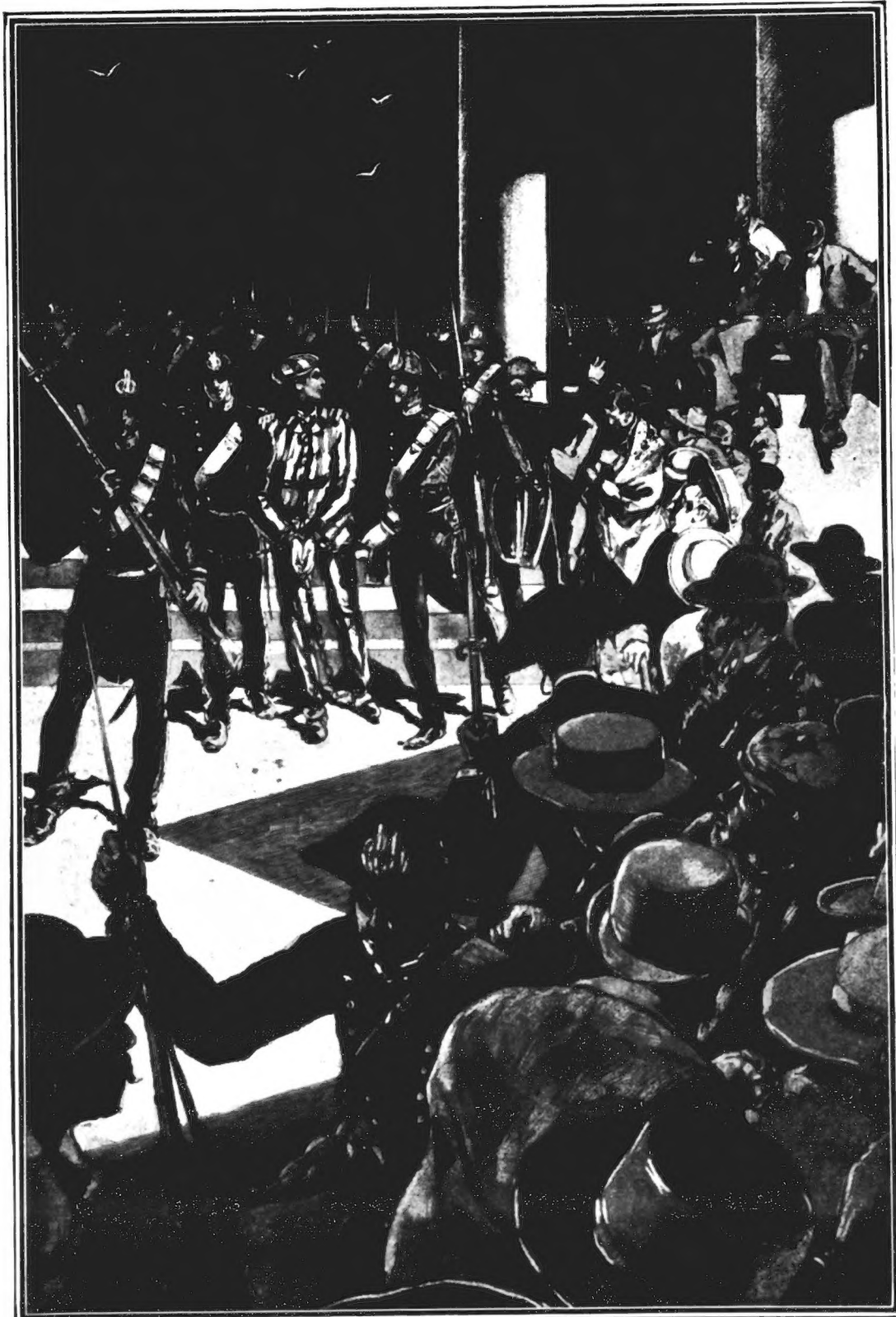
REAR-ADMIRAL LORD CHARLES WILLIAM DE LA POER BERESFORD, who has been returned unopposed for Woolwich, is the second son of the Rev. John, fourth Marquess of Waterford. He was born at Philiptown, county Dublin, on February 10, 1846, and appointed a sub-lieutenant in the navy in January, 1866, and, becoming a commander in November, 1875, accompanied as naval aide-de-camp the King when, as Prince of Wales, he made his Indian tour in 1875-6. In 1879 he was appointed to the command of the Royal yacht *Osborne*, and in 1882 commanded the *Condor* at the bombardment of Alexandria, afterwards landing and instituting a regular police system in the city. He afterwards served on Lord Wolseley's staff in the Nile Expedition of 1884-5, and was in command of the Naval Brigade at Abu Klea, Abu Kru and Metemneh, and in command of the expedition which rescued Sir Charles Wilson's party. From August, 1886, till January, 1888, he was Naval Lord of the Admiralty, was in command of the Steam Reserve at Chatham from 1893 till 1896, was aide-de-camp to her late Majesty from January, 1897, to his promotion to flag rank in September, and was second-in-command of the Mediterranean Fleet from January, 1900, till January last. Lord Charles sat for Waterford from 1874 till 1880, for East Marylebone from 1885 till 1889, and for York City from 1898 till 1900. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

Mr. Hugh A. Law, who has been returned unopposed for West Donegal, is son of the late Right Hon. Hugh Law, LL.D., of Fitzwilliam Square, Dublin, who represented co. Londonderry from February, 1874, till December, 1881, and who was Solicitor-General and Attorney-General for Ireland; and from December, 1881, till his death in September, 1883, Lord Chancellor of Ireland. Our portrait is by Lafayette, Dublin.

Mr. James Hookey has just retired from the position of Engineer-in-Chief and Electrician to the Post Office. Born at Bristol in 1838, Mr. Hookey, at the age of seventeen, found employment with the Electric and International Telegraph Company—the first public telegraph company in England. In 1870, when the monopoly of telegraph business was vested in the Post Office, Mr. Hookey entered the service of the new department as technical officer. Later he became assistant to Sir William Preece, whom he succeeded in 1899 as Engineer-in-Chief and Electrician. Mr. Hookey's successor is Mr. John Gavey, who has long been an acknowledged authority on all matters connected with the telegraph and telephone services. Mr. Gavey also began his career by serving with the Electric and International Telegraph Company, and when it was absorbed by the State he was made Superintendent of the South-Eastern Division. After holding other important positions he was transferred to London in 1892, and appointed chief technical officer. In 1899 he became assistant to Mr. Hookey, whom he has now replaced as Engineer-in-Chief and Electrician.

Mr. Gerald Geoghegan, the well-known criminal barrister, who was found dead in his chambers in the Temple, was a member of the Irish as well as the English Bar, had for many years enjoyed a very large practice in the criminal courts, in addition to being a specialist in licensing matters. His ability as an advocate, and his skill as a cross examiner, caused him to be retained in a number of very important cases. He represented the dynamitards, and the notorious Dr. Neil Cream, and for many years there was hardly a trial of any importance in the criminal courts in which he did not figure. It appears that Mr. Geoghegan had for some time been suffering from insomnia, and it is thought that in taking a sleeping draught he may have taken an overdose. Mr. Geoghegan was called to the Bar at the Middle Temple at Easter, 1877, and the Irish Bar in 1876. Our portrait is by Russell and Sons, Baker Street.

Mr. Gavey has been closely associated with most of the important developments of the telegraph and telephone services. When in Bristol he turned his attention towards increasing the speed of Wheatstone working, and a little later, on the initiative of Sir W. Preece, he applied himself to the improvement of repeaters, with the result that the speed of Wheatstone signalling was doubled. When the Post Office decided on the acquisition of the trunk telephone system, Mr. Gavey was entrusted with the duty of valuing the trunk lines to be acquired from the National Telephone Company, and subsequently with the organisation and development of that system. Our portrait is by Barraud, Oxford Street.



The trial of the famous brigand Musolino at the Lucca Assizes has attracted much interest in Italy. He engaged ten counsel to defend him. These barristers have been severely criticised in the Press for having together undertaken "the defence of a common fellow who acknowledged committing fourteen murders out of revenge." These counsel have since withdrawn from the case, and the trial has been temporarily postponed in consequence. Musolino, when removed from the court to the gaol, was heavily manacled and carefully guarded, as he has more than once shown himself to be violent and desperate in court.

THE TRIAL OF THE BRIGAND MUSOLINO AT LUCCA: REMOVING THE PRISONER FROM THE COURT TO THE GAOL
DRAWN BY PROFESSOR RICCARDO FELLEGRINI



"One of the cases broke adrift and got snatched. I mended it myself, and had to open it. Then I saw that it was explosives. It was packed in wadding so as to save a jar. It was too small for shells. Besides, no Government sends loaded shells about 'cepting in war time'"

THE VULTURES

A STORY OF 1881

By HENRY SETON MERRIMAN. Illustrated by W. HATHERELL, R.I.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE CAPTAIN'S STORY

MORE especially in Northern countries Nature lays her veto upon the activity of men and winter calls a truce even to human strife. Cartoner awaited orders in London, for all the world was dimly aware of something stirring in the North, and no one knew what to expect or where to look for the unexpected.

It was a cold winter that year, and the Baltic closed early. Captain Cable chartered the "Minnie" in the coasting trade, and after Christmas he put her into one of the cheaper dry-docks down the river towards Rotherhithe. His ship was, indeed, in dry-dock when the captain opened with the Brothers of Liberty those negotiations which came to such a sudden and untoward end.

Paul Deulin wrote one piteous letter to Cartoner, full of abuse of the cold and wet weather. "If the winter would only set in," he said, "and dry things up and freeze

the river, which has overflowed its banks almost to the St. Petersburg Station, on the Praga side, life would perhaps be more endurable."

Then the silence of the Northern winter closed over him too, and Cartoner wrote in vain, hoping to receive some small details of the Bukatys and perhaps a mention of Wanda's name. But his letters never reached Warsaw, or if they travelled to the banks of the Vistula they were absorbed into that playful post office where little goes in and less comes out.

There were others besides Cartoner who were wintering in London who likewise laid aside their newspapers with a sigh half-weariness, half-relief, to find that their parts of the world were still quiet.

"History is assuredly at a standstill," said an old traveller one evening at the club, as he paused at Cartoner's table. "The world must be quiet indeed with you here in London, all the winter, eating your head off."

"I am waiting," replied Cartoner.

"What for?"

"I do not know," he said placidly, continuing his dinner.

Later on he returned to his rooms in Pall Mall. He was a great reader, and was forced to follow the daily events in a dozen different countries in a dozen different languages. He was surrounded by newspapers, in a deep armchair by the table when that came for which he was waiting. It came in the form of Captain Cable in his shore-going clothes. The little sailor was ushered in by the well-trained servant of this bachelor household without surprise or comment.

Cartoner made him welcome with a cigar and an offer of refreshment, which was refused. Captain Cable knew that as you progress upward in the social scale the refusal of refreshment becomes an easier matter until at last you can really do as you like and not as etiquette dictates, while to decline the beggar's pint of beer is absolute rudeness.

"We've always dealt square by each other, you and I," said the captain, when he had lighted his cigar. Then he fell into a reminiscent humour, and presently broke into a chuckling laugh.

"If it hadn't been for you, them Dons would have had me up against the wall and shot me, sure as fate," he

said, bringing his hand down on his knee with a keen sense of enjoyment. "That was ten years ago last November, when the 'Minnie' had been out of the builder's yard a matter of six months."

"Yes," said Cartoner, putting the dates carefully together in his mind. It seemed that the building of the "Minnie" was not the epoch upon which he reckoned his periods.

"She's in Morrison's dry-dock now," said the captain, who in a certain way was like a young mother. For him all the topics were but a number of by-ways leading ultimately to the same centre. "You should go down and see her, Mr. Cartoner. It's a big dock. You can walk right round her in the mud at the bottom of the dock and see her finely."

Cartoner said he would. They even arranged a date on which to carry out this plan, and included in it an inspection of the "Minnie's" new boiler. Then Captain Cable remembered what he had come for, and the plan was never carried out after all.

"Yes," he said, "you've got a reckoning against me, Mr. Cartoner. I have never done you a good turn that I know of, and you saved my life I believe that time—you and that Frenchman who talks so quick, Moonseer Deulin—that time, over yonder."

And he nodded his head towards the south-west with the accuracy of one who never loses his bearings. For there are some people who always know which is the North; and others who, if asked suddenly, do not know their left hand from their right; and others, again, who say—or shout—that all men are created equal.

"I've been done, Mr. Cartoner—that is what I've come to tell you. Me that has always been so smart and has dealt straight by other men. Done, hoodwinked, tricked—same as a Sunday School teacher. And I can do you a good turn by telling you about it; and I can do the other man a bad turn, which is what I want to do. Besides its dirty work. Me, that has always kept me hands—"

He looked at his hands, and decided not to pursue the subject.

"You'll say that for me, Mr. Cartoner—you that has known me ten years and more."

"Yes, I'll say that for you," answered Cartoner, with a laugh.

"They did me!" cried the captain, leaning forward and banging his hand down on the table, "with the old trick of a Bill of Lading lost in the post and a man in a gold-laced hat that came aboard one night and said he was a Government official from the Arsenal come for the Government stuff. And it wasn't Government stuff, and he wasn't a Government official. It was—"

Captain Cable paused and looked carefully round the room. He even looked up to the ceiling, from a long habit of living beneath deck skylights.

"Bombs!" he concluded "bombs!"

Then he went farther, and qualified the bombs in terms which need not be set down here.

"You know me and you know the 'Minnie,' Mr. Cartoner!" continued the angry sailor. "She was specially built with large hatches for machinery and—well, guns. She was built to carry explosives, and there's not a man in London will insure her. Well, we got into the way of carrying war material. It was only natural, being built for it. But you'll bear me out, and there are others to bear me out, that we've only carried clean stuff up to now—plain, honest, fighting stuff for one side or the other. Always honest—revolutions and the like, and an open fight. But bombs—"

And here again the captain made use of nautical terms which have no place on a polite page.

"There's bombs about, and it's me that has been carrying them," he concluded. "That is what I have got to tell you."

"How do you know?" asked Cartoner, in his gentle and soothing way.

The captain settled himself in his chair, and crossed one leg over the other.

"Know the Johannis Bulwark, in Hamburg?"

Cartoner nodded.

"Know the Seemannshaus, there?"

"Yes. The house that stands high up among the trees overlooking the docks."

"That's the place," said Captain Cable. "Well, one night I was up there, on the terrace in front of the house where the sailors sit and spit all day waiting to be taken on. Got into Hamburg short-handed. I was picking up a crew. Not the right time to do it, you'll say, after dark, as times go and fore-castle hands pan out in these days. Well, I had my reasons. You can pick up good men in Hamburg if you go about it the right way. A man comes up to me. Remembered me, he said; had sailed with me on a voyage when we had machinery from the Tyne that was too big for us, and we couldn't get the hatches on. We sailed after nightfall, I recollect, with hatches off, and had the seas slopping in before the morning. He remembered it, he said. And he asked me if it was true that I was going—well, to the port I was bound for. And I said it was God's truth. Then he told me a long yarn of two cases outshipped that was lying down at the wharf. Transhipment goods on a through bill of lading. And the bill of lading gone a missing in the post. A long story, all lies, as I ought to have known at the time. He had a man with him; forwarding agent, he called him. This chap couldn't speak English, but he spoke German and the other man translated as we went along. I couldn't rightly see the other man's face. Little dark man—with a queer, soft voice, like a woman wheedlin'! Too d—d innocent, and

I ought to have known it. Don't you ever be wheedled by a woman, Mr. Cartoner. Got a match?"

For the captain's cigar had gone out. But he felt quite at home, as he always did—this unvarnished gentleman from the sea—and asked for what he wanted.

"Well, to make a long yarn short, I took the cases. Two of them, size of an orange box. We were full, so I had them in the state-room alongside of the locker where I lie down and get a bit of sleep when I feel I want it. And they paid me well. It was Government stuff, the soft-spoken man said, and the freight would come out of the taxes and never be missed. We went into heavy weather, and, as luck would have it, one of the cases broke adrift and got smashed. I mended it myself, and had to open it. Then I saw that it was explosives. Lie number one! It was packed in wadding so as to save a jar. It was too small for shells. Besides, no Government sends loaded shells about, excepting in war time. At the moment I did not think much about it. It was heavy weather, and I had a new crew. There were other things to think about. And, I tell you, when I got to port, a chap with gold lace on him came aboard and took the stuff away."

Cartoner's attention was aroused now. There was something in this story, after all. There might be everything in it when the captain told what had brought these past events back to his recollection.

"I'm not going to tell you the port of discharge," said Captain Cable, "because in doing that I should run foul of other people who acted square by me, and I'll act square by them. I'll tell you one thing, though. I sighted the Scaw light on that voyage. You can have that bit of information—you, that's half a sailor. You can put that in your pipe and smoke it."

And he glanced at Cartoner's cigarette with the satisfaction of a conversationalist who has pulled off a good simile.

"S'afternoon," he continued, "I went to see some people about a little job for the 'Minnie.' She'll be out of dock in a fortnight. You will not forget to come down and see her?"

"I should like to see her," said Cartoner. "Go on with your story."

"Well, this afternoon I went to see some parties that had a charter to offer me. Foreigners—every man Jack of them. Spoke in German, out of politeness to me. The Lord knows what they would have spoken if I hadn't been there. It was bad enough as it was. But it wasn't the lingo that got me; it was the voice. 'Where have I heard that voice?' thinks I. And then I remembered. It was at the Seemannshaus, at Hamburg, one dark night. 'You're a pretty Government official,' I says to myself, sitting quiet all the time, like a cat in the engine-room. I wouldn't have taken the job at any rate, owing to that voice, which I had never forgotten, and yet never thought to hear again. But while the parley was still going on, up jumps a man—the only man I knew there—name beginning with a K.—don't quite remember it. At any rate, up he jumps, and says that that room was no place for me nor yet for him. Daresay you know the man, if I could remember his name. Sort of thin, dark man, with a way of carrying his head—quarter-deck fashion—as if he was a king or a Hooghly pilot. Well, we gets up and walks out, proud-like, as if we had been insulted. But blessed if I knew what it was all about. 'Who's that man?' I asks when we were in the street. And the other chap turns and makes a mark upon the door, which he rubs out afterwards as if it was a hanging matter. 'That's who that is,' he says."

Cartoner turned, and with one finger made an imaginary design on the soft pile of the tablecloth. Captain Cable looked at it critically, and after a moment's reflection admitted in an absent voice that his hopes for eternity were exceedingly small.

"You are too much for me," he said, after a pause. "You, that deal in politics and the like."

"And the other man's name is Kosmaroff," said Cartoner.

"That's it—a Russian," answered Captain Cable, rising, and looking at the clock. His movements were energetic and very quick for his years. He carried with him the brisk atmosphere of the sea and the hardness of a life which tightens men's muscles and teaches them to observe the outward signs of man and nature.

"It beats me," he said. "But I've told you all I can—all, perhaps, that you want to hear. For it seems that you are putting two and two together already. I think I've done right. At any rate, I'll stand by it. It makes me uneasy to think of that stuff having been below the 'Minnie's' hatches."

"It makes me uneasy, too," said Cartoner. "Wait a minute till I put on another coat. I am going out. We may as well go down together."

He came back a moment later, having changed his coat. He was attaching the small insignia of a foreign order to the lapel.

"Going to a swarree?" asked Cable, as between men of the world.

"I am going to look for a man I want to see to-night, and I think I shall find him, as you say, at a soirée," answered Cartoner, gravely.

Out in the street he paused for a moment. A cab was already waiting, having dashed up from the club stand.

"By the way," he said, "I shall not be able to come down and see the 'Minnie' this time. I shall be off by the eight o'clock train to-morrow morning."

"Going foreign?" asked the captain.

"Yes, I am going abroad again," answered Cartoner, and there was a sudden ring of exultation in his voice. For this was, after all, a man of action who had strayed into a profession of which the strength is to sit still.

CHAPTER XXVI.

IN THE SPRING

THE Mangles passed the winter at Warsaw, and there learnt the usual lesson of the traveller; that countries reputed hot or cold are neither so hot nor so cold as they are represented. The winter was a hard one, and Warsaw, of all European cities, was, perhaps, the last that any lady would select to pass the cold months in.

"I have my orders," said Mangles, rather grimly, "and I must stay here till I am moved on. But the orders say nothing about you or Netty. Go to Nice if you like."

And Jooly seemed half inclined to go southward. But for one reason or another—reasons, it may be, put forward by Netty in private conversation with her aunt—the ladies lingered on.

"The place is dull for you," said Mangles, "now that Cartoner seems to have left us for good. His gay and sparkling conversation would enliven any circle."

And beneath his shaggy brows he glanced at Netty, whose smooth cheek did not change colour, while her eyes met his with an affectionate smile.

"You seemed to have plenty to say to each other coming across the Atlantic," she said. "I always found you with your heads close together whenever I came on deck."

"Don't think we sparkled much," said Joseph, with his under lip well forward.

"It is very kind of Uncle Joseph," said Netty, afterwards, to Miss Mangles, "to suggest that we should go South, and, of course, it would be lovely to feel the sunshine again, but we could not leave him, could we? You must not think of me, Auntie, I am quite happy here, and should not enjoy the Riviera at all if we left Uncle all alone here."

Julie had a strict sense of duty, which, perhaps, Netty was cognisant of; and the subject was never really brought under discussion. During a particularly bad spell of weather, Mr. Mangles again and again suggested that he should be left at Warsaw, but on each occasion Netty came forward with that complete unselfishness and sweet forethought for others which all who knew her learnt to look for in her every action.

Warsaw, she admitted, was dull, and the surrounding country simply impossible. But the winter could not last for ever, she urged, with a little shiver. And it really was quite easy to keep warm if one went for a brisk walk in the morning. To prove this she put on the new furs which Joseph had bought her, and which were very becoming to her delicate colouring, and set out full of energy. She usually went to the Saski Gardens, the avenues of which were daily swept and kept clear of snow; and as often as not, she accidentally met Prince Martin Bukaty there. Sometimes she crossed the bridge to Praga, and occasionally turned her steps down the Bednarska to the side of the river which was blocked by ice now, wintry and desolate. The sandworkers were still labouring, though navigation was, of course, at a standstill.

Netty never saw Kosmaroff, however, who had gone as suddenly as he came—had gone out of her life as abruptly as he burst into it, leaving only the memory of that high-water mark of emotion to which he had raised her. Leaving also, that blankest of all blanks in the feminine heart, an unsatisfied curiosity. She could not understand Kosmaroff, any more than she could understand Cartoner. And it was natural that she should, in consequence, give much thought to them both. There was, she felt, something in both alike which she had not got at, and she naturally wanted to get at it. It might be a sorrow, and her kind heart drew her attention to any hidden thought that might be a sorrow. She might be able to alleviate it. At any rate, being a woman, she, no doubt, wanted to stir it up as it were, and see what the result would be.

Prince Martin was quite different. He was comparatively easy to understand. She knew the symptoms well. She was so unfortunate. So many people had fallen in love with her, through no fault of her own. Indeed, no one could regret it more than she did. She did not, of course, say these things to her Aunt Julie, or to that dear old blind stupid, her uncle, who never saw or understood anything, and was entirely absorbed in his cigars and his newspapers. She said them to herself, and, no doubt, found herself quite easy to convince, as other people do.

Prince Martin was very gay and light-hearted, too. If he was in love, he was gaily, frankly, openly in love, and she hoped that it would be all right—whatever that might mean. In the meantime, of course, she could not help it, if she was always meeting him when she went for her walk in the Saski Gardens. There was nowhere else to walk, and it was to be supposed that he was passing that way by accident. Or if he had found out her hours and came there on purpose, she really could not help it.

Deulin came and went during the winter. He seemed to have business now at Cracow, now at St. Petersburg. He was a bad correspondent, and talked much about himself, without ever saying much; which is quite a different thing. He had the happy gift of imparting a wealth of useless information. When in Warsaw he busied himself on behalf of the ladies, and went so far as to take Miss Mangles for a drive in his sleigh. To Netty he showed a hundred attentions.

"I cannot understand," she said, "why everybody is so kind to me."

"It is because you are so kind to everybody," he answered, with that air of appearing to mean more than he said, which he seemed to reserve for Netty.

"I do not understand Mr. Deulin," said Netty to her uncle one day. "Why does he stay here? What is he doing here?"

(To be continued)



THE FOUR SEASONS: "SPRING"

DRAWN BY JOHN HARRALL

A First Look Round the Royal Academy

PEOPLE visit the Royal Academy with different objects and in a different frame of mind. They go as a duty, for love of art, for love of the subjects, and for other reasons more or less simple or complex. But they all seem impelled to do as we see the critics do—begin at the beginning and go through with it to the end—they face the Academicians as a brave man meets fate. Why? Is it not far better to take your art as you do your other enjoyments—your paper, your luncheon, your billiards, your dance programme? You look about you without preconceived ideas as to duty or obligation, not considering your own pleasure. If you make up your mind just to look round, pick out the works that appeal to you, and ignore everything else, you will spend an hour such as earnest study of the whole Academy could not afford. Well; what will you do? Assuming that you are a person of taste, of course, you will probably walk right through the upper hall and, turning to the left, will find yourself in the great room, facing Mr. Luke Fildes' great picture of the King, and wandering about you will face the canvases which appeal to you, and muse somewhat to the following effect.

The great State portrait of which we have heard so much is a very striking example of what such a work must be—intended to represent Sovereignty far more than the Sovereign, yet a noteworthy likeness, and a very imposing and opulent rendering of the King, as it hangs there draped about in gorgeous golden hangings. It is not merely an historical portrait—it is a page of history itself. Next to it Mr. East is seen in one of his peaceful and delicate grey views of beautiful nature—"The Valley of the Lambourn." Hard by Sir Edward Poynter's little "Storm Nymphs" show that his drawing is as learned and excellent as ever. Our eyes wander from it to Mr. Sargent's portrait of young "Mr. A. Wertheimer"—a scientific student apparently—and a veritable masterpiece of character and painting. Yet it is almost surpassed by the wonderful full-length of "Lord Riddelsdale" at the opposite corner, where the ex-Master of the Horse stands with the quaint old-worldness of him caught and

in a vast crowd, we must turn to Mr. John Bacon's great picture of "The Return of the C.I.V.'s to the Guildhall," when Lord Mayor Sir Alfred Newton declares to the citizen soldiers "Your Sovereign—the Empire—this Imperial City—are satisfied." If such a picture is to be painted at all—painted rather as history than as art—it is thus it should be done. Mr. Bacon has very nearly accomplished the impossible, and there is perhaps no man living who could have done better, if as well, with the ease and taste which is obvious all over it.

The subject pictures which claim our admiration are not many; but some are remarkable, all the same. Sir L. Alma-Tadema's "Caracalla" is an exquisite example of delicate colour, elegance in handling, beauty of paint and surface treatment—a masterpiece, Sir Lawrence!—one of your many masterpieces!—even though it descends almost to miniature painting. Beside it, Mr. Orchardson's grim picture of "The Borgia" looks clumsy. No one can be more generous in colour, and no one can paint a desert-table so well, but the composition is not happy, nor are we impressed by the picture so much as by the subject. Mr. Waterhouse's "Crystal Ball," a beautiful work, is more pleasing than this. But next to this how hard and dry and unsympathetic is M. Lybaert's "Madonna of Ghent"—Memling, without the colour, the sentiment, or the understanding.

In landscapes, Mr. Edward Stott tells once more with admirable force, for his modest and subdued visions of rustic life and scenery, are sincere in spirit, and subtly fine in colour. Mr. Joseph Farquharson's snow-pictures were never better, nor Mr. Waterhouse's Corot-esque landscapes, and Mr. Murray's modern classic compositions; and Mr. Fritz Thaulow has rarely shown us deep, eddying, rushing water as well as in "The Old Saw Mill, Norway." Mr. Sims has achieved a little triumph in "The Top of the Hill," and Mr. Napier Hemy rises to his full height in "The Pilot" and "The Crew"—two works of the sea in which Henry Moore would have rejoiced—with true dramatic interest thrown in.

But we must stay. It is enough for a first look round.

THE NEW GALLERY

OF the value of an Opposition there can no longer be any doubt in man's mind. Not only in politics, but in every walk of life, opposition—as apart from competition—is an element of success, or

Mr. Shannon is also cultivating a new manner—less dreamy vague, and rubbed-over-with-a-dry-brush, than heretofore. In the portrait of "Mrs. Wedgwood" he is strikingly successful; but his triumph is to be found in the exquisite "Lady Diana Granby." It is a masterpiece of beauty, arrangement, and technique—strangely superior to the large "Miss Dorothy Chambers"—which contains some of the artist's worst work in the painting of the face and the drawing of the dog. Yet, there are beautiful passages in the picture, too. Mr. Watts's great allegory, "Love Steering the Boat of Humanity," is a noble exercise in form and line—a fine idea and a fine composition by the Old Man Wonderful. The type of a Scotch professor, painted by Sir George Reid in "Professor Liveing, F.R.S.," is another fine bit of character and painting by the great past-master in this style of art. There remains the work of two painters of the poetry of light—Mr. Edward Stott's beautiful representations of the country-side in sunlight and twilight, and Mr. Austen Brown's most admirable "Haymakers"—life-size figures trudging along with their bundles, reddened with the glow of the fierce sun.

Our Portraits

(Continued from Page 592)

VISCOUNT ESHER, who, in his capacity of Secretary to His Majesty's Office of Works, is personally superintending the Coronation arrangements, was born in June, 1852. He is son of the first Viscount, whom he succeeded in 1899, and has been Deputy Governor of Windsor Castle since 1901. He married in 1879 Eleanor, daughter of Mr. Van de Weyer, Belgian Minister at the Court of St. James. Our portrait is by Lafayette, Dublin.

Mr. Thomas Oliver, who died at Newcastle on April 24, was born on September 8, 1824. He was the son of Mr. Thomas Oliver, the architect and author of Oliver's "Map of Newcastle," a standard work of reference. He began work as an architect in Sunderland in 1847, and eleven years later, on the death of his father, he went to Newcastle. He carried on an extensive practice with the four northern counties, and was architect of many well-known public buildings, including the Prudhoe Convalescent Home, Whitby, the Saltburn Convalescent Home, the North Riding



THE LATE LIEUTENANT ARTHUR PRINGLE
Accidentally killed in H.M.S. *Formidable*



THE LATE MR. THOMAS OLIVER
Architect



LADY SUSAN BERESFORD



CAPTAIN THE HON. HUGH DAWNAY
Married on Monday



VISCOUNT ESHER
Secretary to H.M. Office of Works

realised in surprising fashion. Splendid work, indeed—Mr. Sargent is becoming greater every minute. In the next room hangs his group of three charming sisters—the "Misses Hunter," sitting back to back, dressed in black and white—of which much might be said, only that all the best and most complimentary adjectives must be reserved for another group—in Room II—"The Ladies Acheson." Here at last Mr. Sargent has produced a picture which is really great—which will be talked about by posterity as we talk of the great Reynolds of the eighteenth century. They are three pretty and gracious and distinguished girls, the attitude of one reminding us of Reynolds, perhaps, but all beautifully posed; and the vase round which they are grouped, a great invention, and in colour harmonising the whole picture. Ah! here is a work we must come back to again and again, and each time we do, we like it better. Let us console ourselves as we leave by gazing at Mr. Shannon's lovely "Lady Marjorie Manners"—a splendid and beautiful effort in the manner of our great masters of portraiture—but so sweet, so sympathetic, yet so unconscious of us. It is painted in a manner new to the artist. The vagueness of old has gone, and Mr. Shannon reveals to us his sitters as they are, or as he would have us see them.

Portraits, indeed, are the feature of the Academy, it seems. Here is Professor Herkomer's strong picture of "The Earl of Albemarle" in khaki—(though we may prefer the rocky landscape, "Watching the Invaders," which recalls the artist's picture in the Chantrey Collection); here the portraits by two Frenchmen—"Mrs. Walter Parrott" by M. Benjamin Constant and "Mrs. Charles Henry" by M. Carolus Duran—both admirable pieces of craftsmanship. Mr. Orchardson's likeness of "Sir John Leng," is his best likeness of the year; Signor Mancini, the head of Italian artists of the day, contributes a graceful portrait of a lady which is so highly varnished that, where it is hung, it cannot be seen at all; Mr. Swan has broken out in the same line with "Mr. Alexander Ionides" and another of that gentleman's wife—full of technical accomplishment; but we prefer his wild beasts, both in paint and in the round, as seen in other rooms.

Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema's "Mr. Max Waechter" is a typical example of his portrait work. But for absolute realism, especially

at least, of that vigorous movement which is as the breath of life. The exhibition of the New Gallery is clearly not in such strident opposition to the Academy as it once was; but it is pleasant to see that a number of pictures are hung there which would scarcely find hanging space on the walls of Burlington House.

It is true that the fine things are not many; but then fine things never are numerous anywhere. Was it not Courbet who said—"Four fine pictures make a good Salon; six fine things make a memorable Salon"? Without waiting to decide the exact standard of excellence to be understood by the word "fine," we may say at once that there are outstanding things by Mr. Sargent, Mr. J. J. Shannon, Sir George Reid, Mr. G. F. Watts, Mr. Edward Stott, Mr. Austen Brown, and Mademoiselle Delasalle. The last-named, it may be said at once, is a young lady (represented by a view of the Pont Neuf at Paris) who springs at a bound into a front place in the ranks of painters, and, if we are not much mistaken, may take her place before long at the head of all women-painters working in Europe. Let the GRAPHIC be the first to declare that Mlle. Delasalle will be known in the future as Rosa Bonheur is to-day—the more certainly as she can paint lions as well as her elder, and is as much at home in the sympathetic rendering of toilers in city and country as in the painting of street or of landscape. The picture here to be seen, perhaps, does not go so far as this; but the writer is acquainted with other work of this amazing young artist.

Mr. Sargent is not always at his best, but two works are of a very high order, and of great interest. The group of the "Children of A. Wertheimer, Esq." is an admirable work, with minor blemishes; but the most striking portion of it is the head of the elder of the two young girls—it is thoughtful, almost laborious in its execution—and fuller of the vibration of a living, human, *feeling* creature, than the more dexterous heads of the other girl and the boy. Is Mr. Sargent going to change his manner, and give us something even finer than his marvellous painting, which rather claims the wonder of the spectator, than his sympathy and love? The other work is a great out-of-door portrait of a boy (Master McCulloch), lying on the rocks by a Scotch salmon river, a great salmon by his side. It is something new, and is full of daylight, and whites and greys: Mr. Sargent in a new and welcome rôle.

Infirmary, the Mechanics' Institute, Newcastle, and a number of Board Schools at Newcastle, Gateshead, South Shields, and throughout the northern district. Many churches were built and restored under his direction, and in the early part of his career a number of chapels were erected from his designs throughout the country. In 1866 he was elected Fellow of the Royal Institute of Architects. He was the founder of the Northern Architectural Association, and was its first secretary—a position he held till 1870, when he was elected president. He entered into partnership with Mr. R. J. Leeson in 1879. He was a widower, and had been twice married. He leaves one son (Mr. G. D. Oliver, of Carlisle, County Architect for Cumberland) and five daughters. Our portrait is by Barclay Brothers, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Lady Susan Beresford, daughter of the late Marquess of Waterford, was married on Monday at St. Mark's, North Audley Street, to Captain the Hon. Hugh Dawnay, D.S.O., Rifle Brigade, son of Viscount Downe, and aide-de-camp to the Commander-in-Chief. Our portrait of Lady Susan Beresford is by Poole, Waterford.

Lieutenant Arthur Pringle, gunnery lieutenant on board H.M.S. *Formidable*, was killed through the slipping of a boat's derrick fall when re-stowing the derrick after hoisting in boats. He joined the Navy as a cadet in January, 1891; was appointed midshipman in 1891, and became sub-lieutenant in 1896, and lieutenant in the following year. Our portrait is by Symonds and Co., Portsmouth.

Our Supplement

OUR coloured supplement is a reproduction of the second of a series of four clever water-colour drawings by John Hassall, R.I., representing the seasons. The first, "Winter," was published as a supplement to our issue of February 1, and the second, "Spring," is issued this week. The other two will follow in due course. Mr. Hassall is too well known to need introduction. There is a freshness and an originality about his work that are delightful.



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DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL

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THE LATE MR. THOMAS OLIVER.
Architect.



LADY SUSAN BERESFORD.



CAPTAIN THE HON. HUGH DAWNAY.
Married on Monday.



VISCOUNT FISHER.
Secretary to H.M. Office of Works.

reduced in surprising fashion. Splendid work, indeed—Mr. Sargent is becoming greater every minute. In the next room hangs his group of three charming sisters—the "Misses Hunter," sitting back, dressed in black and white—of which much might be said, but that all the best and most complimentary adjectives are reserved for another group—in Room II.—"The Ladies Aboard." Here at last Mr. Sargent has produced a picture which will be talked about by posterity as we talk of the great Reynolds of the eighteenth century. They are three pretty and gracious and distinguished girls, the attitude of one reminding us of Reynolds, perhaps, but all beautifully posed; and the pose round which they are grouped, a great invention, and in command of the whole picture. Ah! here is a work we must come back to again and again, and each time we do, we like it better. Let us console ourselves as we leave by gazing at Mr. Shannon's lovely "Lady Marjorie Manners"—a splendid and beautiful portrait in the manner of our great masters of portraiture—but so sweet, so sympathetic, yet so unconscious of us. It is painted in a manner new to the artist. The vagueness of old has gone, and Mr. Shannon reveals to us his sitters as they are, or as he would have them.

Portraits, indeed, are the feature of the Academy, it seems. Here Professor Herkomer's strong picture of "The Earl of Althorpe" in kilt, although we may prefer the rocky land cape, "Watching the Invaders," which recalls the artist's picture in the Chantry at Colchester; here the portraits by two Frenchmen—"Mrs. Walter Pater" by M. Benjamin Constant and "Mrs. Charles Henry" by M. Charles Duran, both admirable pieces of craftsmanship. Mr. Orchardson's likeness of "Sir John Leng" is his best to date; of the year; Signor Mancini, the head of Italian sculpture of the day, contributes a graceful portrait of a lady whose face is so highly varnished that, where it is hung, it cannot be seen at all; Mr. Swan has broken out in the new line with "Mr. Alexander Ionides" and another of that kind—full of technical accomplishment; but we prefer the work of the old masters in point and in the round, as seen in other

Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema's "Mr. Max Waechter" is a typical example of his portrait work. But for absolute realism, especially

at least, of that vigorous movement which is as the breath of life. The exhibition of the New Gallery is clearly not in such strident opposition to the Academy as it once was; but it is pleasant to see that a number of pictures are hung there which would scarcely find hanging space on the walls of Burlington House.

It is true that the fine things are not many; but then fine things never are numerous anywhere. Was it not Courbet who said "Four fine pictures make a good Salon; six fine things make a memorable Salon"? Without waiting to decide the exact standard of excellence to be understood by the word "fine," we may say at once that there are outstanding things by Mr. Sargent, Mr. J. J. Shannon, Sir George Reid, Mr. G. F. Watts, Mr. Edward Stott, Mr. Austen Brown, and Mademoiselle Delasalle. The last named, it may be said at once, is a young lady (represented by a view of the Pont Neuf at Paris) who springs at a bound into a front place in the ranks of painters, and, if we are not much mistaken, may take her place before long at the head of all women-painters working in Europe. Let the GRAPHIC be the first to declare that Mile. Delasalle will be known in the future as Rosa Bonheur is to-day—the more certainly as she can paint lions as well as her elder, and is as much at home in the sympathetic rendering of toilers in city and country as in the painting of street or of landscape. The picture here to be seen, perhaps, does not go so far as this; but the writer is acquainted with other work of this amazing young artist.

Mr. Sargent is not always at his best, but two works are of a very high order, and of great interest. The group of the "Children of A. Wertheimer, Esq." is an admirable work, with minor blemishes; but the most striking portion of it is the head of the elder of the two young girls—it is thoughtful, almost laborious in its execution—and fuller of the vibration of a living, human, feeling creature, than the more dexterous heads of the other girl and the boy. Is Mr. Sargent going to change his manner, and give us something even finer than his marvellous painting, which rather claims the wonder of the spectator, than his sympathy and love? The other work is a great out-of-door portrait of a boy (Master McCullough), lying on the rocks by a Scotch salmon river, a great salmon by his side. It is something new, and is full of daylight, and whites and greys: Mr. Sargent in a new and welcome rôle.

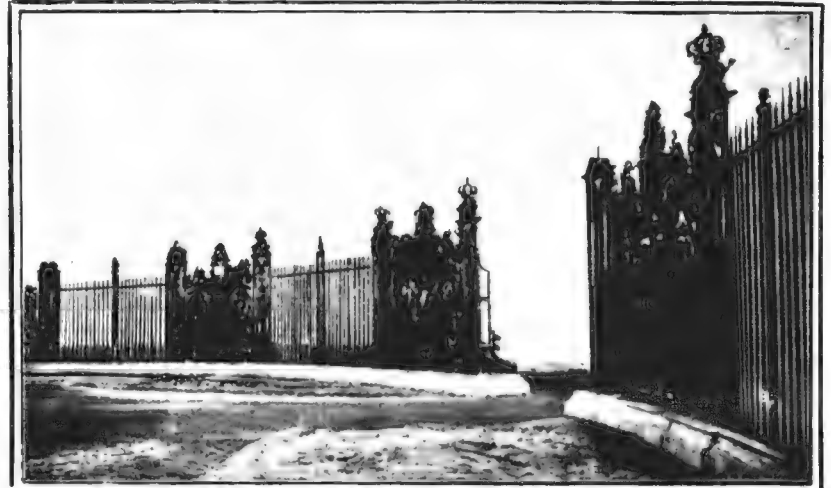
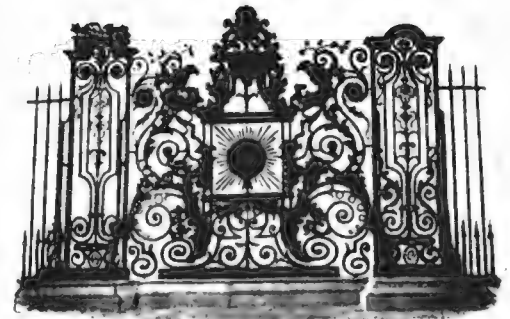
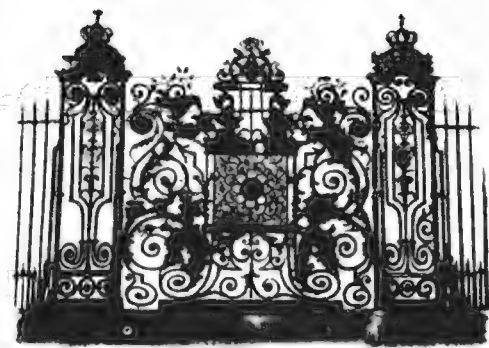
Infirmary, the Mechanics' Institute, Newcastle, and a number of Board Schools at Newcastle, Gateshead, South Shields, and throughout the northern district. Many churches were built and restored under his direction, and in the early part of his career a number of chapels were erected from his designs throughout the country. In 1860 he was elected Fellow of the Royal Institute of Architects. He was the founder of the Northern Architectural Association, and was its first secretary—a position he held till 1870, when he was elected president. He entered into partnership with Mr. R. J. Leeson in 1879. He was a widower, and had been twice married. He leaves one son (Mr. G. D. Oliver, of Carlisle, County Architect for Cumberland) and five daughters. Our portrait is by Barclay Brothers, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Lady Susan Beresford, daughter of the late Marquess of Waterford, was married on Monday at St. Mark's, North Audley Street, to Captain the Hon. Hugh Dawnay, D.S.O., Rifle Brigade, son of Viscount Downe, and aide-de-camp to the Commander-in-Chief. Our portrait of Lady Susan Beresford is by Poole, Waterford.

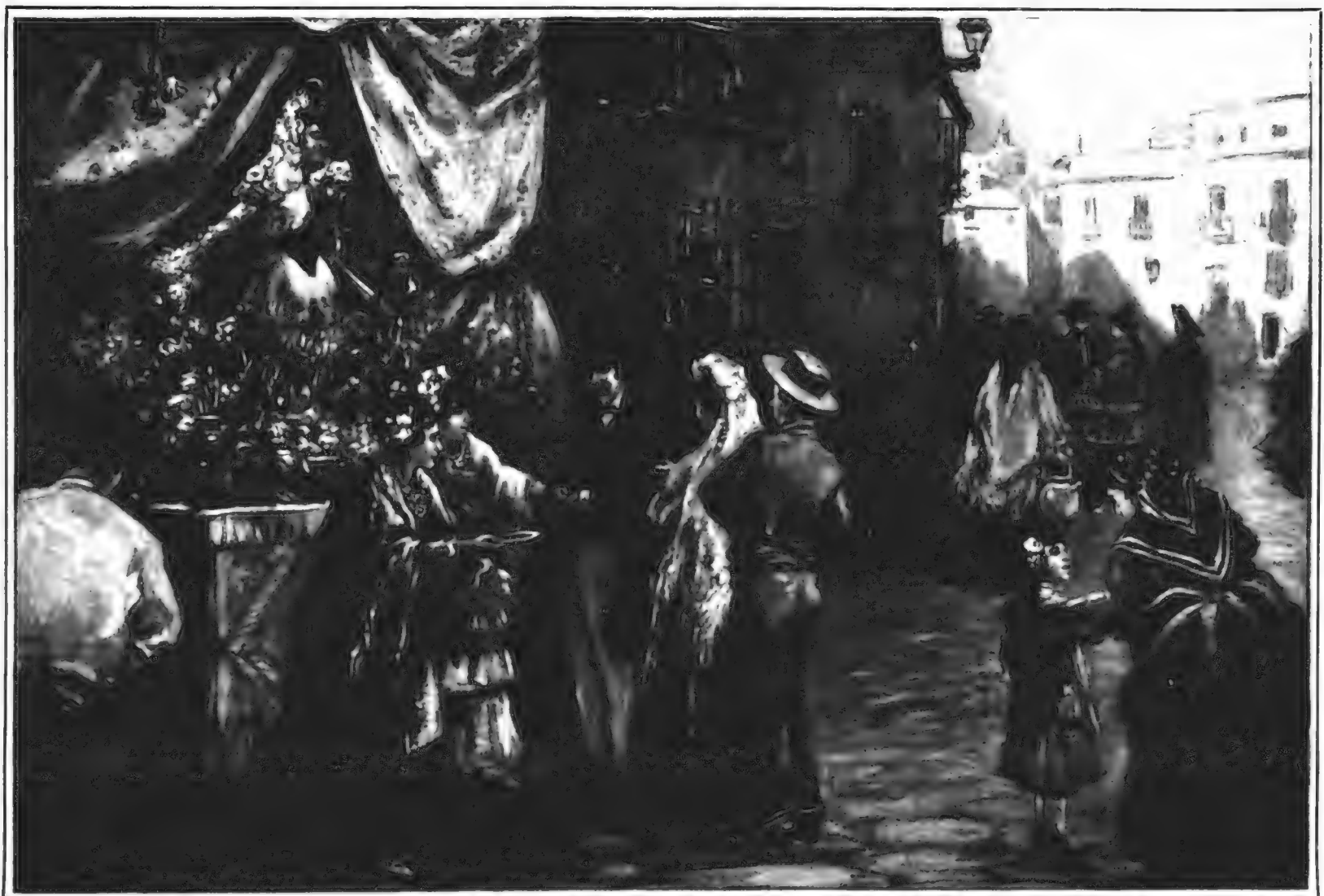
Lieutenant Arthur Pringle, gunnery lieutenant on board H.M.S. *Formidable*, was killed through the slipping of a boat's derrick fall when re-stowing the derrick after hoisting in boats. He joined the Navy as a cadet in January, 1891; was appointed midshipman in 1894, and became sub-lieutenant in 1896, and lieutenant in the following year. Our portrait is by Symonds and Co., Portsmouth.

Our Supplement

OUR coloured supplement is a reproduction of the second of a series of four clever water-colour drawings by John Hassall, R.I., representing the seasons. The first, "Winter," was published as supplement to our issue of February 1, and the second, "Spring," is issued this week. The other two will follow in due course. Mr. Hassall is too well known to need introduction. There is a freshness and an originality about his work that are delightful.



WROUGHT IRON SCREENS, RECENTLY RE-ERECTED AT HAMPTON COURT PALACE

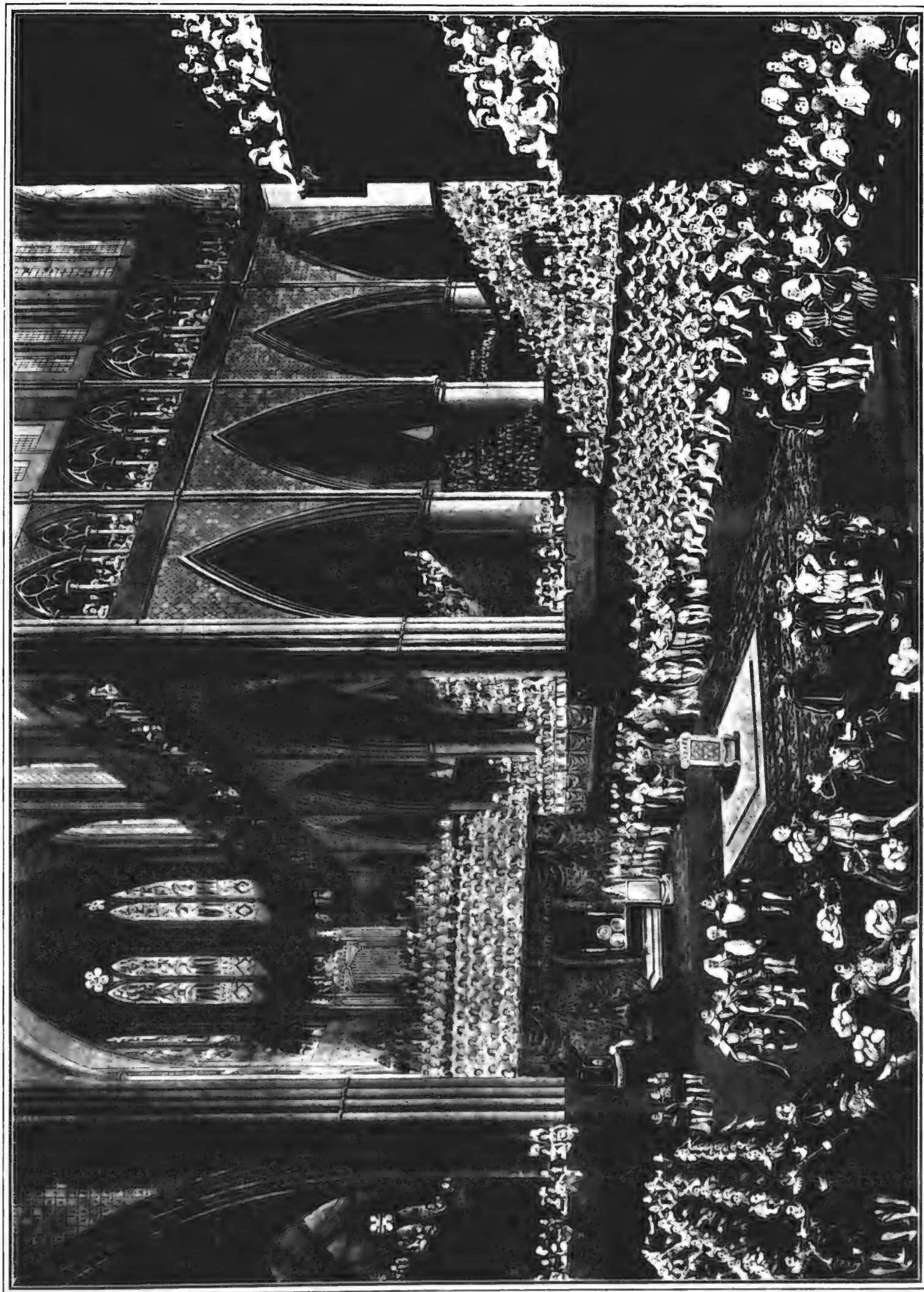


In Spain, in the month of May, in every parish a small altar is erected in the open air, and, instead of some saint or other, the most beautiful young girl in the parish is placed upon it, surrounded with flowers. This young girl is called "La Maia." Every person who passes that way lays at her feet his

offering, and the money thus collected is spent in the fêtes which take place during the month. "La Maia" is always attended by other young girls, who stop the passers-by, in case any, through forgetfulness or design, fail to contribute.

THE SHRINE OF "LA MAIA": A SPANISH MAY-DAY CUSTOM

DRAWN BY J. J. CLÉMENT



THE COMING CORONATION: WESTMINSTER ABBEY AS IT APPEARED WHEN GEORGE IV. WAS CROWNED



The Queen caused a handsome wreath to be sent for the funeral of Mr. Rhodes, and it was placed on the coffin in Parliament House, Cape Town. This wreath and that from Dr. Jameson were supplied by J. Talanda, Rondebosch, and photographed by A. Jarmian, Claremont.

THE FUNERAL OF MR. RHODES: THE WREATH SENT BY THE QUEEN



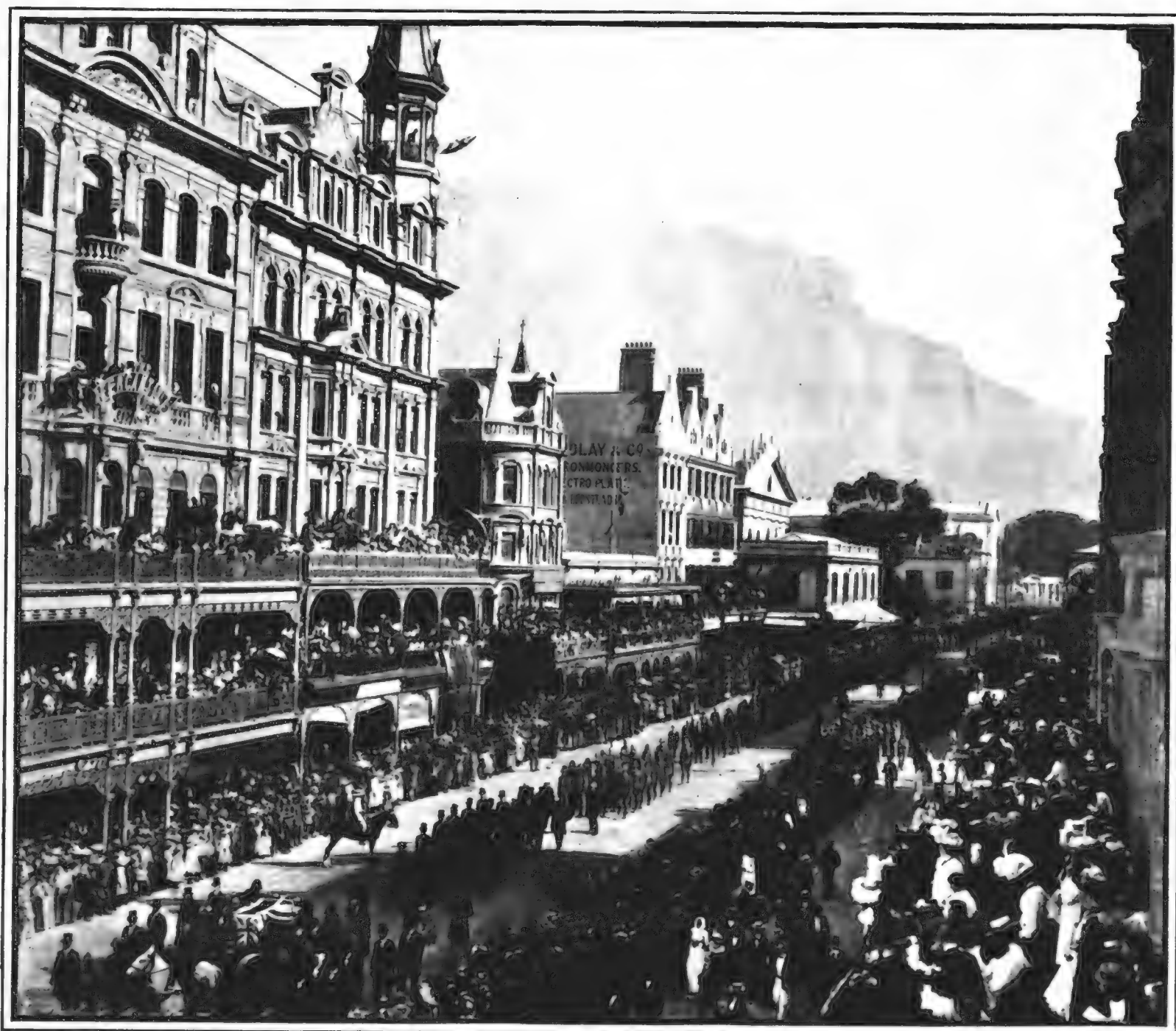
At the conclusion of the service in the Cathedral, Cape Town, the coffin was taken in procession to the railway station to be conveyed thence to the Matopos Hills for interment. The train was draped in black and purple, and the body was placed in the De Beers special car, in which Mr. Rhodes always travelled. The station yard was kept by troops, and the view of the scene from above was most impressive. Our photograph was supplied by G. S. Bettison.

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF CAPE TOWN STATION WHEN THE FUNERAL TRAIN STARTED



Dr. Jameson, who attended Mr. Cecil Rhodes in his last illness and was a pall-bearer at the funeral, sent a wreath, which was placed with those from the Queen and the Rhodes family on the coffin.

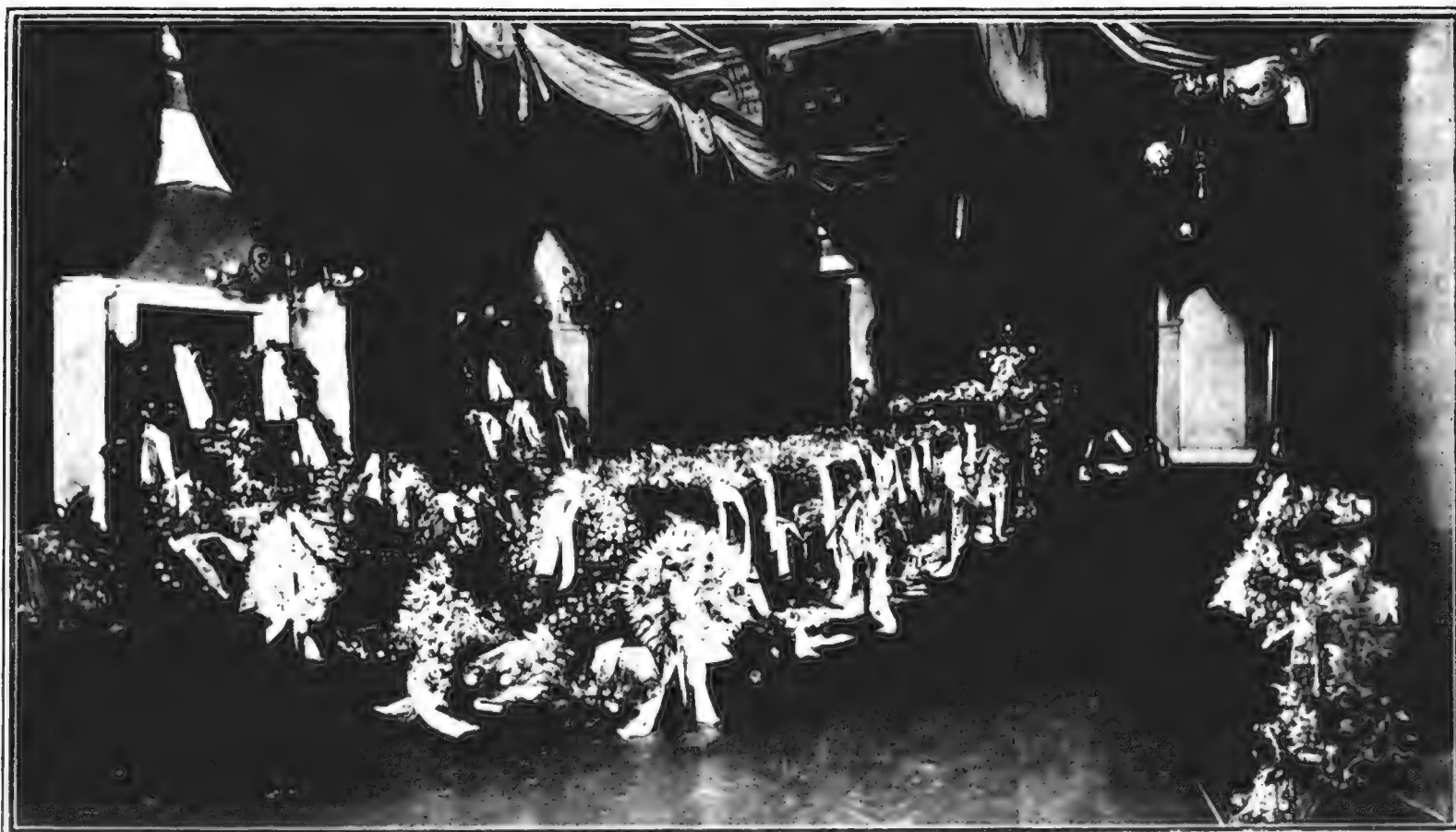
THE FUNERAL OF MR. RHODES: THE WREATH SENT BY DR. JAMESON



The route of the procession from the Parliament House to the Cathedral lay through the main thoroughfares, which were lined with troops, who saluted as the procession passed. The pall was borne by Dr. Jameson and Mr. Mitchell, executors under the will, Sir J. Gordon Sprigg, Mr. Smartt, and Mr. Graham, representing the Cape Colony Ministry, and Sir O. Metcalf, Mr. Curry, and Dr. Stevenson. The chief mourner was Colonel Frank Rhodes, who walked alone, with bowed head. He was followed by Colonel Elmhurst Rhodes and Mr. Arthur Rhodes, with

the representatives of Lord Milner and of Sir Walter Hely-Hutchinson, the Governor of the Colony. Then came the Judges, the Attorney-General, representatives of New Zealand, Tasmania, the University, the churches, public bodies, the military authorities, the President of the Executive Council, the Speaker of the House of Assembly, and members of Parliament. The coffin was borne on the carriage of "Long Cecil," the gun which served during the siege of Kimberley. A Union Jack covered the coffin, which was drawn by eight horses. Our photograph is by Duffus Brothers, Cape Town.

THE FUNERAL OF MR. CECIL RHODES: THE PROCESSION IN ADDERLEY STREET, CAPE TOWN



On the day before the service at the Cape Town Cathedral the remains of Mr. Cecil Rhodes were brought to Cape Town and laid in the vestibule of Parliament House. Wreaths from Queen Alexandra, the members of the Rhodes family, Dr. Jameson, and Sir Charles Metcalf, were placed on the coffin,

while wreaths from Lord Milner and Lord Kitchener were at the head of the bier, which was surrounded by hundreds of others. Our photograph is by the *Cape Times*.

THE LATE MR. CECIL RHODES: THE LYING-IN-STATE IN THE VESTIBULE OF PARLIAMENT HOUSE, CAPE TOWN



DRAWN BY F. DE HAEREN

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ARTHUR ELLIOTT, CAPE TOWN

There was a great crowd in the neighbourhood of the Cathedral on the day when the State funeral service was held. The body was borne from Parliament House to the Cathedral, where it was received at the porch by the Archbishop of Cape Town, the Dean, the Chapter, and the churchwardens. The

opening sentences of the Burial Service was read, the bells tolling meanwhile, and to the strains of the Funeral March, played on the organ, the procession moved down the main transept. The Archbishop then delivered an address.

THE FUNERAL OF MR. RHODES: ARRIVAL OF THE COFFIN AT THE CATHEDRAL, CAPE TOWN



When, on a festal occasion, a military band plays in the Cathedral Square at Sofia, the peasants gather round, and, joining hands, dance in a quaint and not inclegant manner

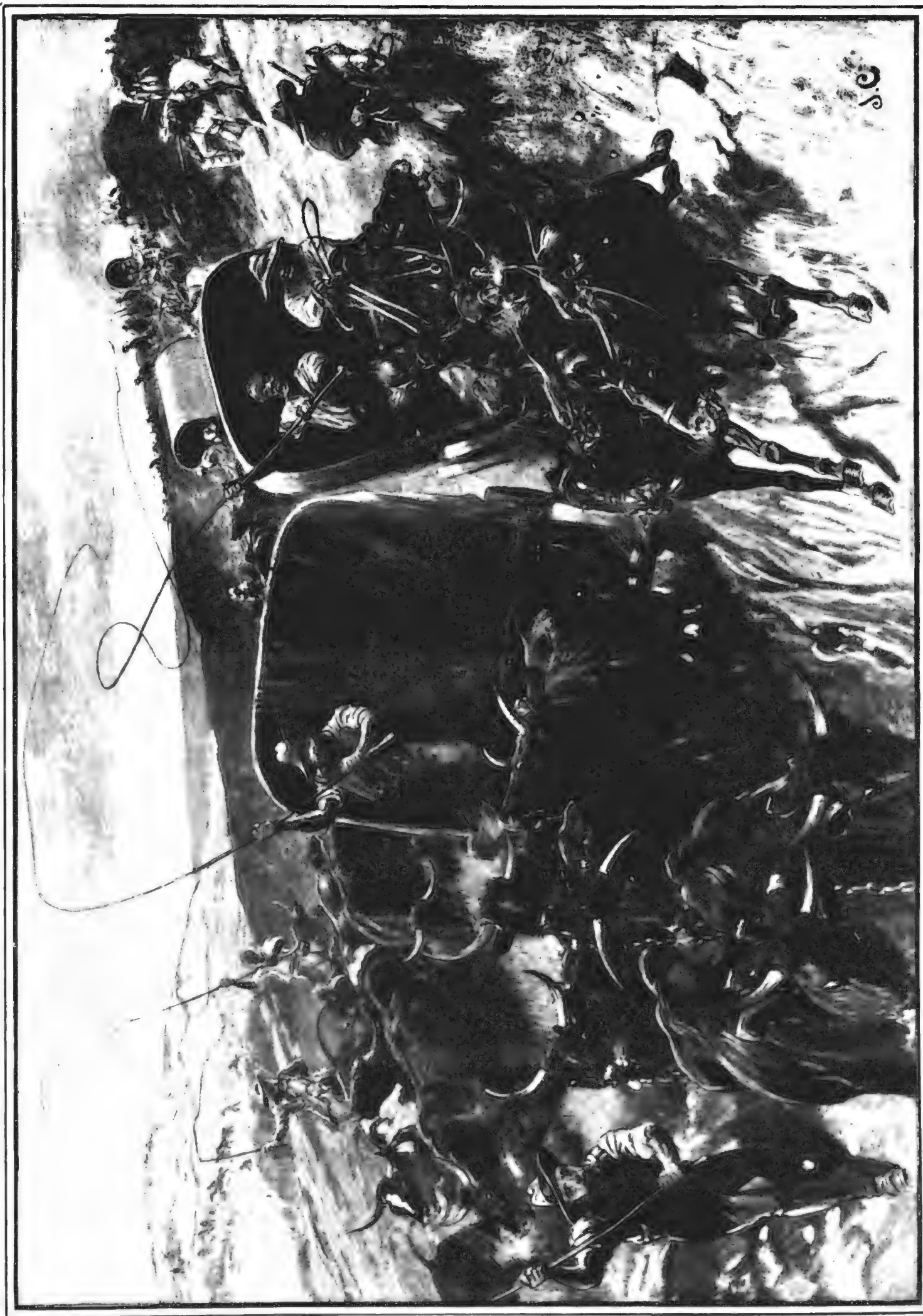
A BULGARIAN NATIONAL DANCE



DRAWN BY P. MATANIA

PRINCE FERDINAND OF BULGARIA INSPECTING TROOPS AT SOFIA

FROM SKETCHES BY W. T. MAUD



"One day," writes a Correspondent, "when we surprised a Boer laager, we witnessed a curious sight. The Boers had been warned of our approach by their scouts, and carts and cattle streamed out of the laager at headlong speed, urged on by yelling drivers wielding frantically their long lashes."

AN INCIDENT IN A BIG BOER DRIVE: A FRANTIC EFFORT TO ESCAPE

DRAWN BY JOHN CHARLTON



THE KING'S COURT AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE; THEIR MAJESTIES LEAVING THE BALLROOM

DRAWN BY FRANK CRAIG



PALACE: THEIR MAJESTIES LEAVING THE BALLROOM AFTER THE PRESENTATIONS

DRAWN BY FRANK CRAIG



VICOMTE DE NANTOIS, NEW SECRETARY-GENERAL OF THE UNION DES YACHTSMEN DE CANNES



M. J. DESEILLIGNY, THE VICE-PRESIDENT DES YACHTSMEN DE CANNES



COMTE CHANDON DE BRIAILLES, THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE UNION DES YACHTSMEN DE CANNES

The Mediterranean Cowes

THE International regatta at Cannes, held under the auspices of the "Union des Yachtsmen de Cannes" and of the "Société des Régates Cannoises," has year by year grown in popularity ever since the days when the King's yacht *Britannia*, *Ailsa*, *Satanita* and *Bona*, and other well-known yachts took part in them. The programme this year was a long one, spreading over nineteen days. The racing took place in the charming bay of La Napoule, and the long list of events was, as the weather continued to be favourable, worked through up to time. There were many valuable prizes given by well-known yachtsmen, firms and clubs. The race shown in our illustration is that for the Prix de la Ville de Cannes, for yachts over forty tons, over a course of sixteen miles. It was won by *Kariad*, which defeated *Sybarita*. The Cannes Yachting Club has this year elected a new president and vice-presidents. The Comte Chandon de Briailles, the new president, and Comte Hermann de Pourtales and M. J. Deseilligny, the new vice-presidents, are all well known in the yachting world. M. F. Girard, a popular vice-president, has been elected to fill his office again, while the Vicomte de Nantois has been chosen as the new secretary of the club. The yacht racing was all the more appreciated, perhaps, because the Italian Government forbade the Nice to Abazia motor-car race, which had been looked forward to. Several motor accidents have been reported from the Riviera; in the last of them reported there were a number of people badly hurt, and one has since died. It is said that the Italian Secretary of the Interior was about to reconsider his veto, when this accident occurred and the prohibition was confirmed.

The regatta prizes were distributed at the Club des Régates last week, when a *punch d'honneur* was given in honour of the foreign yachtsmen. The final event in the regatta was the Grand Prix de Monte Carlo, for yachts of not less than five tons. An interesting finish was witnessed. *Kariad* won the prize of 15,000 francs,

easily outdistancing *Sybarita*. The second prize of 8,000 francs was won by *Caprice*, which crossed the line forty minutes ahead of *Spring*.

"Anne Vavasour"

ANNE VAVASOUR was a natural daughter of Henry Vavasour, and sister of Sir Thomas Vavasour, Knight. In 1580 she was receiving a yearly fee of 20*l.* as Gentlewoman of the Bedchamber to Queen Elizabeth. In 1590, John Stanhope, writing to Lord Talbot, says: "Of nue mayd Mrs. Vavasour, florisheth lyke the lylly and the rose." About this period she became the friend of Sir Henry Lee (later K.G.), for whom she kept house after the death of his wife Anne, daughter of the first Lord Paget, who died 1584. She married one John Finch, and lived at Ditchley. In 1600, when James I. and his Queen visited Woodstock, the Royal party came once to Ditchley, and the Queen had long discourse with the lady, to whom she gave a handsome jewel, and in 1604 a pension of 100 marks per annum was granted to her. After the death of Sir Henry Lee, K.G., in 1611, who left her considerable property, she seems to have married again, and in 1618, through the envy of a disappointed nephew of the old knight, she was prosecuted by the High Commission Courts for having two husbands alive at the same time. This, though, a tribute to her attractiveness, led to a sentence of corporal punishment and a fine of 1,000*l.* The corporal punishment was, by the favour of the King, remitted, and the 1,000*l.* went to the informer. Nothing more is known of her career, but the story of her defaced tomb at Quarrendon is an invention. The portrait from which our engraving was taken was lent to the Old Masters' Exhibition this year by Viscount Dillon.



M. F. GIRARD, RE-ELECTED VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE UNION DES YACHTSMEN DE CANNES



COMTE HERMANN DE POURTALES, NEW VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE UNION DES YACHTSMEN DE CANNES



AT THE CANNES REGATTA: WATCHING THE START IN THE 7TH CLASS

THE YACHTING SEASON AT CANNES

DRAWN BY "MARS"

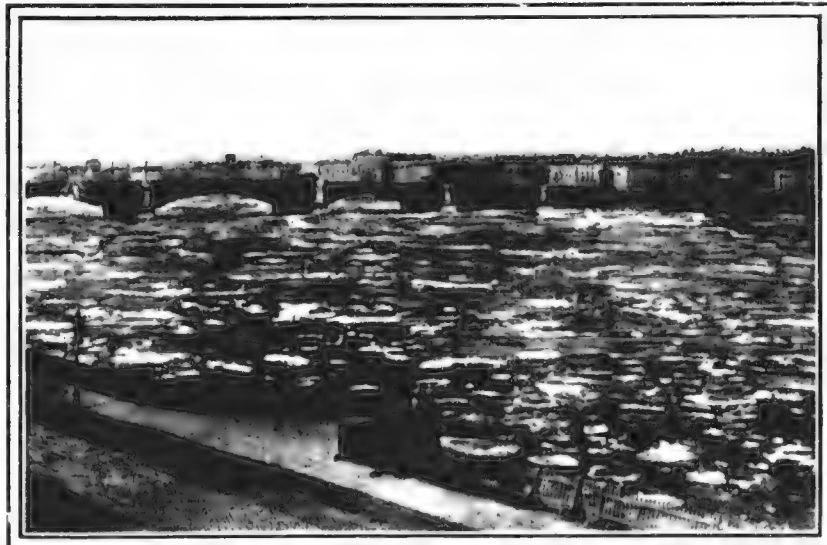


PORTRAIT OF MISS VAVASOUR

A PAINTING BY AN UNKNOWN ARTIST, EXHIBITED IN THE OLD MASTERS' EXHIBITION AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY. REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION OF VISCOUNT DILLON, THE OWNER



SLEDGES ON THE NEVA, NEAR ALEXANDER BRIDGE, ST. PETERSBURG



FLOATING ICE ON THE RIVER

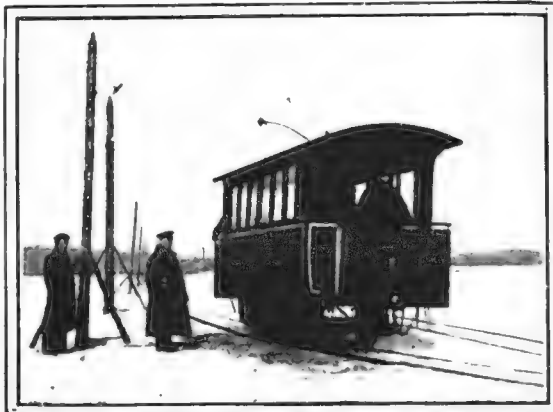
Club Comments

BY "MARMADUKE"

MR. ARTHUR BALFOUR announced last week that there is to be an Autumn Session this year; but he did not state that which is generally believed to be true—to wit, that Autumn Sessions are likely to be a feature of Parliamentary life in the future. The old school of members looked upon the House of Commons as an interesting kind of club which met in the interval between the close of the fox-hunting and the opening of the grouse-shooting seasons. That class of member is gradually being edged out of the Commons by the irresistible force of circumstances, and their places are being seized by professional and business men who take Parliament and themselves seriously, and by impecunious younger sons who are irrepresible in their desire to force themselves to the front. Most of these are workers, and they want to make the House a working institution. Moreover, it is an open secret that those in high places are anxious to revive the Autumn "season" in London, which has almost died out in recent years. It was good for trade, and the trader and shopkeeper are important elements in the political world of the day. It is unwise to give them cause to become discontented.

The Revolt of Youth is no new thing even in our generation. The late Lord Randolph Churchill and his adherents, Mr. Arthur Balfour, Sir John Gorst, Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, and a few others "revolted" a little more than a quarter of a century ago, and met with considerable success. Another movement of the kind is hatching in the House, and much may be heard of it as soon as the war in South Africa is ended. It remains to be seen whether these latest "revolutionists" have the strength of their predecessors. Have they the social support, the debating power, the brilliancy, and the opportunities which those who last tried the experiment had? The opportunities they may have, for the retirement of Lord Salisbury and the difficult situation which Mr. Arthur Balfour is called upon to occupy will both be elements in their favour. Besides, they have a policy which might easily be made popular—to wit, they urge the Government to make the mines pay their full share of the expenses of the war.

Mr. Henniker Heaton is convinced that the Empire is to be held together by the penny postage-stamp—and there is much in his contention. According to his own account, he has just joined another colony to his system, and if he has, his success deserves to be



AN ELECTRIC TRAMWAY ON THE FROZEN RIVER

recognised. It is inexplicable that a man who has done so much excellent work for the community should be ignored by the Leader of his Party, as Mr. Heaton has. There is reason for believing, however, that the period of his disparagement is coming to an end, and that within a few months from this a proper acknowledgment will be made of the substantial services which he has rendered to the State.

The Theatres

"CASTLE"

THE cordial reception accorded to the recent representation of *Castle* at a benefit *matinee* has prepared the way for the revival of the late Mr. Robertson's masterpiece in a more permanent fashion at the HAYMARKET Theatre. The play cannot be said to have been rescued from oblivion in the managerial pigeon-holes, for even while the womanly charm and tenderness of Miss Winifred Emery's Esther is nightly touching the hearts of HAYMARKET audiences, and the spontaneous merriment and vivacity of Miss Marie Tempest's Polly are going far towards consoling us for the absence of Lady Bancroft, Mr. Hare and his company are making the round of the

suburban theatres with the same piece. The performance will, perhaps, not wholly satisfy spectators whose memory goes back to the glorious old days of the little theatre in Tottenham Street; but it is, nevertheless, a very good one. The humour of Mr. Cyril Maude's "Eccles" is a trifle dry, though, as an artistic study, the impersonation is entitled to take high rank. Mr. Allan Aynesworth plays George D'Alroy with manly sincerity. Mr. Brandon Thomas, as Hawtrey, falls short only in the phlegmatic qualities of that amiable officer. It is curious that while Miss Genevieve Ward, to whom most spectators looked for a rather heavy Marquise de St. Maur, contrived to impart to that character an unwonted lightness, Mr. George Giddens's Gerridge showed a decided tendency to exaggerate the gusty outbreaks of jealousy which distinguish that worthy cabinetmaker. The HAYMARKET revival serves to show that, after an existence of five-and-thirty years, *Castle* has not lost its power to please.

"FAUST" AT THE LYCEUM

Nineteen years have elapsed since the original production of *Faust*, ten since the revival, and it is doubtful whether Sir Henry Irving could have made a better choice for the opening of his season. Mr. Wills's Mephistopheles is a part which suits him admirably, and, so far from there being any falling off in his rendering of the part, he seems to have gained, for the sardonic humour and sinister power of the impersonation have never been more tellingly set forth. It is too late in the day now to criticise the melodrama, which, in truth, has nothing of greatness in it, one of its worst failings being that Mephistopheles is really an excrescence on the plot, for the undoing of Margaret might very well have happened without him, while absolutely no point is made of Faust having been rejuvenated, because he carries with him into his new life no modicum of wisdom gained in the long years before. Nevertheless, the elaborate scenery and startling scenic effects are well calculated to attract once more, and Sir Henry Irving's commanding personality was never more in evidence than on Saturday night, when the warmth of his reception furnished another of those scenes which are rarely seen outside the LYCEUM walls. The great novelty of the production, though, was the appearance of Miss Cecilia Loftus as Margaret in place of Miss Ellen Terry. Miss Loftus managed to please, and even in one or two strong emotional passages to score; but as a whole her performance was lacking in distinction and colourless. It was a creditable beginning, but it left one considerably in doubt as to whether it presaged any great future.



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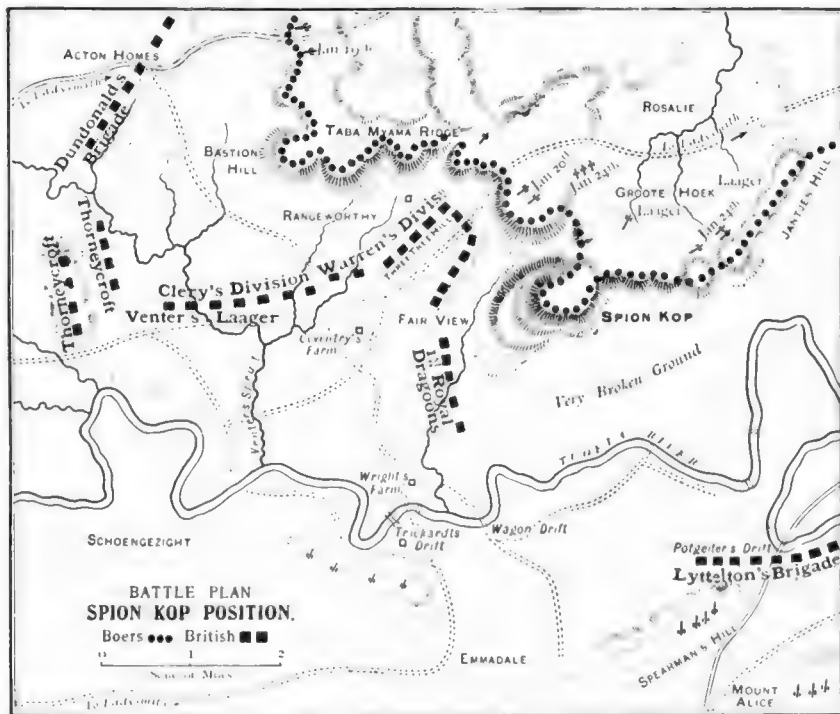
Never was a General more confidently looked up to through adversity than was our Natal Chief. He sought it not, but the feeling came spontaneously from every heart. Crippled as he was for want of sleep, having for months to face a position impregnable to his force, he never flinched at a check, but resolutely returned for a fresh attack.

So writes Mr. Knox, whose professional position gave him such opportunities of seeing and judging as fell to few combatants. The book teems with interesting facts and details. Here, for instance, is a little touch which illustrates the enormous wastage of ammunition in modern warfare. At the time of the battle of Belfast, Lord Dundonald's cavalry brigade had to lie in concealment throughout one day, waiting for darkness before moving. During the course of that day the Boers fired three ox-wagon loads of shells, or, in other words, a weight of 12,000lb. of iron. Yet only one man was killed and thirteen wounded. Mr. Knox instances the small amount of sickness in Dundonald's brigade, but points out the

"Buller's Campaign. With the Natal Field Force of 1900." By E. Blake Knox, B.A., M.D., Lieutenant Royal Army Medical Corps. With Maps and Illustrations. (R. Brimley Johnson.)

mounted man suffers far less from thirst than the foot-soldier, who madly rushes to drink any muddy water, stirring it up still further in his efforts to fill his water bottle.

The hardened infantry reservist bears a favourable comparison with the infantry recruit in this respect on the march. While the former by experience has learned that he can march more easily, and perspire less, if he keeps from water during a march, and may be seen at a halt cooling and refreshing himself by merely rinsing his mouth with liquid, but not swallowing it, the recruit hugs his water-bottle as his most cherished possession, fills it at every puddle he can get to, and empties it with the same avidity as an infant does its feeding-bottle. . . . From what I have seen, I would be almost tempted to take the water-bottle away from the recruit on foreign service.



The little plan which we reproduce is one of the many with which the book is furnished, and it, together with the very full description which accompanies it, show the fearful position in which the troops were placed who, having gained the Spion Kop plateau, found themselves exposed to fire from three sides—namely, from their front, right front and left front—and after enduring this terrible fire stoically for a whole day, withdrew down one side of the hill just as the enemy were about to retire on the other side. The author had much to do on that terrible day, which resulted in 1,733 casualties,

and has caused and is still causing such heartburnings. But here is an example of the spirit of the men:—

One old Colonial in Thorneycroft's, with a grey beard, walked down by the help of his rifle. He was a mass of wounds:—one ear pierced by one bullet, his chin, neck and chest also shot through by others, his back and legs torn by shells. He came in saying that he had just dropped in to have a finger off—it was so shattered he could not pull a trigger, and it got in the way of the next finger, which he could use; also that he wanted to get back up the hill to pay the d—d Dutchmen out.

RECENT VERSE

With the exception of Mr. Swinburne, we have no living great poet in England. But we have more than one singer in the second rank. And of these Mr. Henley is unquestionably one of the most interesting. He has the gift of sonorous phrase, of vigorous imagery, and even at his weakest he has always a rude force. His new volume, "In Hawthorn and Lavender," therefore, commands the attention of all lovers of poetry. The contents are characteristic, typical even, of Mr. Henley's gifts as a poet and also of his defects. There are fine lines, thoughts of a certain sternness and grandeur, great swelling phrases. But there is also the rather brutal outlook upon life, the frequent coarseness, the lapses into slang, the not impeccable taste. Someone once summed up the novels of a certain realist as "a hiccup in a *brasserie*." There are moments in Mr. Henley's verse when the phrase might be applied to him without great injustice. But it would be ungracious to dwell on that side of the present volume, which contains work of considerable imaginative beauty. It contains nothing as beautiful as "When you are old," or as grim and arresting as the "Carmen Patibulare," but the volume has its full share of Mr. Henley's favourite perversities. His brutalities of thought will offend some, his use of colloquialisms will offend others. The lines beginning "In Shoreham River" have been generally admired, and they illustrate the merits and defects of his work so well that we quote the greater part of them here:—

In Shoreham River, hurrying down
To the live sea,
By working, marrying, breeding, Shoreham Town,
Breaking the sunset's wistful and solemn dream,
An old black rotter of a boat,
Past service to the labouring, tumbling flote,
Lay stranded in mid-stream;
With a horrid list, a frightening lapse from the line,
That made me think of legs and a broken spine
Soon all too soon,
Uncainly and forlorn to lie
Full in the eye
Of the cynical, discomfortable moon
That, as I looked, stared from the fading sky,
A clown's face, floured for work.

This is fine in its tense, vivid way, though many people may demur to a phrase like "an old black rotter of a boat" in serious verse. Indeed, many people have! But it was necessary for Mr. Henley to describe the poor old hulk in sufficiently contemptuous terms in order to point the full force of the concluding lines:—

For, as I looked, the green earth seemed dying—
Dying or dead;
And, as I looked on the old boat, I said:
"Dear God, it's I!"

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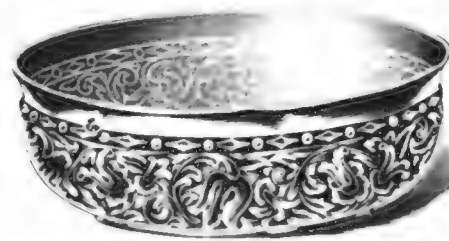
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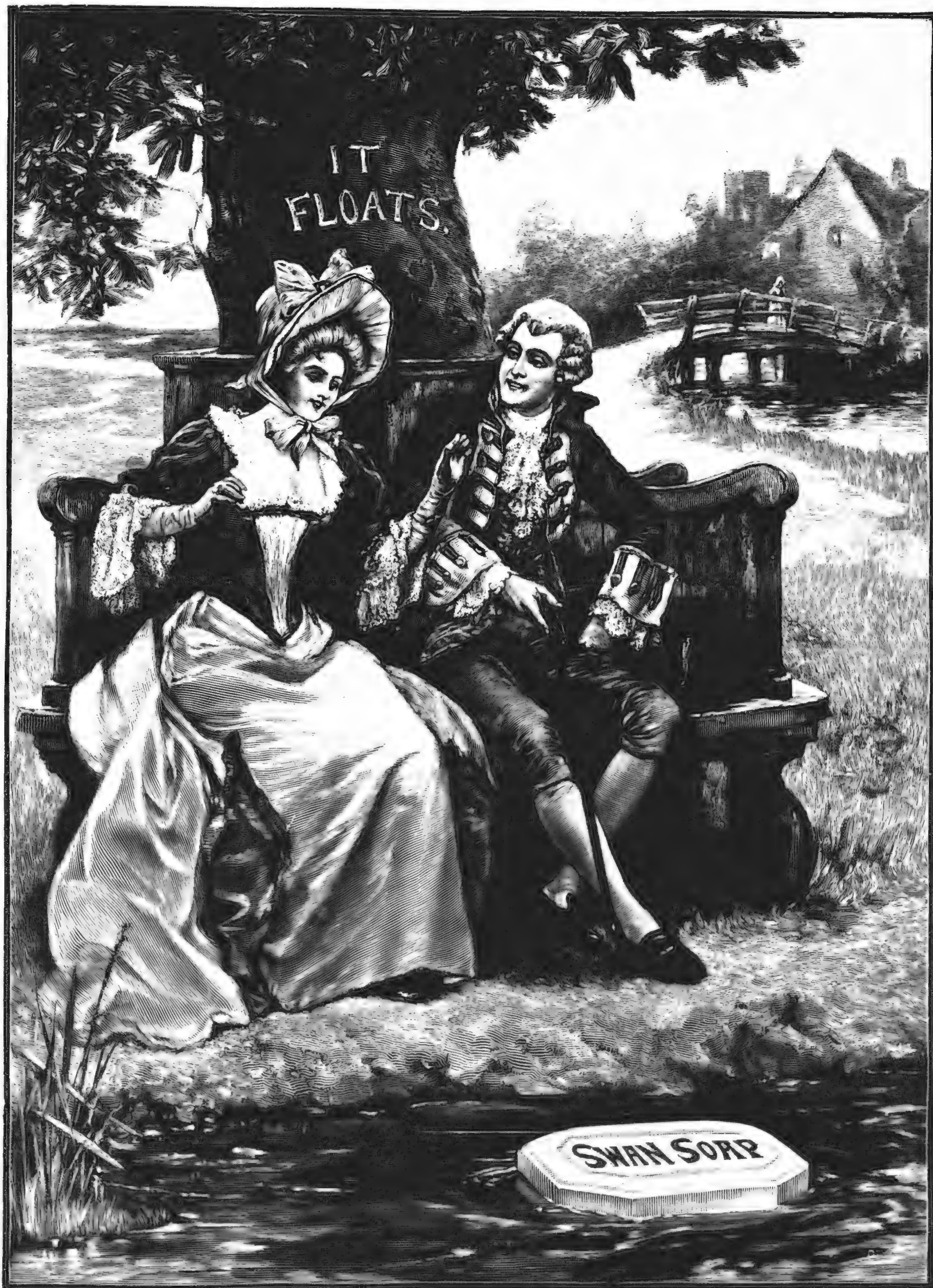
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The last line is tremendous. Heine might have written it, but no other poet whom we can remember. "Hawthorn and Lavender" also contains the prologues to "Beau Austin" and "Admiral Guinea," the slangy, not very successful "London types," and Mr. Henley's lines on the death of Queen Victoria.

Mr. John Davidson's muse shows no signs of softening with years. On the contrary, she seems to grow more shrewish, if so unkind a phrase may be permitted. It is a pity, for Mr. Davidson is a writer of considerable technical mastery; he has an ear for a strong phrase and great dramatic intensity. But his outlook on life is tinged with a bitterness so profound that his verse gives pain instead of pleasure, and the fate of verse which gives no pleasure is that it is not read. Mr. Davidson loves horrors, and though we may derive pleasure from tragedy even of the most heartbreaking description, we instinctively turn away from the merely horrible. "The Testament of a Vivisector" and "The Testament of a Man Forbid" are both forcible pieces of work, morbid and gruesome, perhaps, but unquestionably impressive. But they seem to us scarcely to belong to the domain of poetry at all. "The Testament of a Vivisector" is an anti-vivisection tract. Its aim, like that of the "Fat Boy," is to make you creep. "The Testament of a Man Forbid" is an anti-everything tract. It is the bitter cry of the Nihilist, the Anarchist, the revolutionary, bursting into blank verse to destroy Society in order to build it anew. It would be absurd to deny Mr. Davidson's ability, but it is equally absurd to deny his intellectual dyspepsia.

Of lighter verse Mr. Anthony C. Deane's is among the best produced in the present day. His original work is not of the first rank, but his parodies are really excellent and show a quite delightful sense of humour. Nothing could be better than the one on Mr. Stephen Phillips in the present volume, or the following on Mr. Henley:—

Calm and implacable,
Eyeing disdainfully the world beneath,
Sat Humpty Dumpty on his mural emment,
In solemn state;
And I relate his story,
In verse unfettered by the bothering restrictions
Of rhyme or metre,
In verse (or "rhythm," as I prefer to call it),
Which, consequently, is far from difficult to write.
He sat, and at his feet
The world passed on—the surging crowd
Of men and women, passionate, turgid, dense,
Keenly alert, lethargic, or obese
(Those two lines scan!)

The curious may compare these with the lines "In Shoreham River," by Mr. Henley, quoted above. It may be urged that this sort of skit is not very difficult to write. Mr. Henley, in this mood, invites the parodist, as Mr. Owen Seaman recently showed in *Punch*. But Mr. Deane can do more delicate work than this. His skits on Mr. Austin Dobson and Mr. Andrew Lang in the present volume are delightful.

Mr. Herbert Trench is one of the newer Celtic school of poets, and his "Dierdre Wed" has all the usual qualities of that school. Probably, it requires a Celt to really appreciate work of this kind.

"Hawthorn and Lavender, with Other Verses." By W. E. Henley. (London: David Nutt.)
"The Testament of a Vivisector." "The Testament of a Man Forbid." By John Davidson. (London: Grant Richards.)
"New Rhymes for Old, and Other Verses." By Anthony C. Deane. (London: John Lane.)
"Dierdre Wed, and Other Poems." By Herbert Trench. (London: Methuen.)



The King has finally approved of the design for the cup which is to be his personal gift to his five hundred thousand poor guests at the great Coronation banquet. The cup bears a medallion containing portraits of the King and Queen crowned. The portraits are surmounted by a crown and underneath are the words "June, 1902." On the other side of the cup is the King's monogram and the inscription, "Presented by His Majesty," surrounded by a ribbon bearing the words, "The King's Coronation Dinner." The cup is made of glazed earthenware. Messrs. Boulton, to whom the making of the cups has been entrusted by the King, state that they are unable to supply any of this particular pattern to anybody else. The design is specially reserved for the Royal distribution and has been fully protected by registration.

THE KING'S DINNER: THE CUP TO BE GIVEN TO THE GUESTS

These stories of half-savage kings, of war and blood and tears, with a general flavour of witchcraft over the whole, do not appeal to the mere Saxon. But to those who care for this kind of thing, as done by Mr. W. B. Yeats and the rest, we may say that Mr. Trench does it quite as well, and may be safely recommended. In addition to "Dierdre Wed," the volume contains some miscellaneous verse, among which the lines "Come, let us make love deathless, thou and I," are really fine.

THE FIRST NEW VOLUME OF THE "ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA"

When the *Times* published a reprint of the ninth edition of the "Encyclopedia Britannica," there was a promise made that supplemental volumes would be issued to bring the ninth edition up to date. To-day the first of the new volumes—of which there are to be eleven in all—is published by Messrs. A. and C. Black and Co., Edinburgh, and the *Times*. The new volumes, which are to be completed within a year, will form, in combination with the existing twenty-four volumes of the ninth edition, for all intents and purposes, a tenth edition. At the same time, they will constitute by themselves an independent library of reference, dealing with the developments of science, art, literature, history, sociology, industry, commerce, invention, medicine, and surgery, and with the progress in all fields of knowledge and of activity which has characterised the last quarter of a century. The editors of this vast undertaking are Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace, the well-known foreign editor of the *Times*; Dr. Arthur T. Hadley, President of Yale University, whose reputation as a scholar and writer on economic questions is recognised in both continents; and Mr. Hugh Chisholm, upon whom, in the absence of Sir Donald Wallace on the Royal Colonial Tour, a large share of the responsibility fell. With them

have been associated nineteen departmental editors, all of them men who have gained high reputations in their own particular line. Thus Sir John Scott is responsible for Law and Government; Sir George Sydenham Clarke for Military Affairs; Dr. J. Scott Keltie for Geography and Statistics; Mr. M. H. Spielmann for Art; Mr. J. A. Thursfield for Naval Affairs. Of contributors there are over 1,000, each of whom has been selected for his expert knowledge of his own particular subject. The date of the Ninth Edition may be taken roughly as 1880, and a moment's reflection upon the events which have happened since then—the great strides made in science, and the progress of human knowledge, and civilisation generally—will show how necessary these supplemental volumes are.

A glance at the First Volume—it is impossible in a limited space to give our readers more than a glimpse of its contents—will show how admirably the editors have appreciated the unrivalled traditions for scholarship research of the "Encyclopedia Britannica," and how thoroughly they have brought the work up to date. The volume before us concludes with an article on Australia, in which, by-the-by, the history of the federation movement is admirably told. Among the articles necessitated by modern inventions and by the advance of scientific knowledge may be mentioned those on "Accumulators," by W. H. Hilbert; "Acetylene," by Vivian B. Lewis; "Argon," by Lord Rayleigh; and "Aeronautics," by Octave Chanute. In the last-named article, which is beautifully illustrated, we find descriptions of various flying machines and dirigible balloons, among the latter being those invented by M. Santos-Dumont. Afghanistan, Africa and America form the subjects of three of the most interesting historical articles in the volume. Under the head "Armies" not only do we find the recommendations of the Committee on War Office Reorganisation, presided over by Mr. Clinton Dawkins in 1901, and their subsequent adoption clearly explained, but also the lessons we have learnt or shall learn from the Boer War are treated fully. The new volume reflects the greatest credit on all who have had a hand in the production of it, for it is worthy to take its place among the old volumes of the "Encyclopedia Britannica," and no praise could be higher.

"THE PRINT-COLLECTOR'S HANDBOOK"

Mr. Alfred Whitman has now brought out a second revised edition of his "Print-Collector's Handbook" (George Bell and Sons), and it is a book which is at once a model handbook and a most fascinating and trustworthy guide for those who are anxious to acquire a little knowledge before risking money on that delightful hobby, the acquisition of beautiful prints. Mr. Whitman's position in the Department of Prints and Drawings in the British Museum has given him access to stores of material, but he is not merely an expert and a genuine lover of the beautiful, but one of those rare people who, although steeped in a knowledge of a subject, yet thoroughly appreciates just which are the things that the tyro wants to know and can explain technical points with the utmost lucidity. As he very truly says, though libraries may be written on a subject everyone in the long run must be taught by experience, but there are certain points on which books may give invaluable hints, and Mr. Whitman understands this thoroughly. The volume, which is beautifully produced, contains eighty illustrations showing famous prints and different methods of engraving, and should be in the hands of all collectors.

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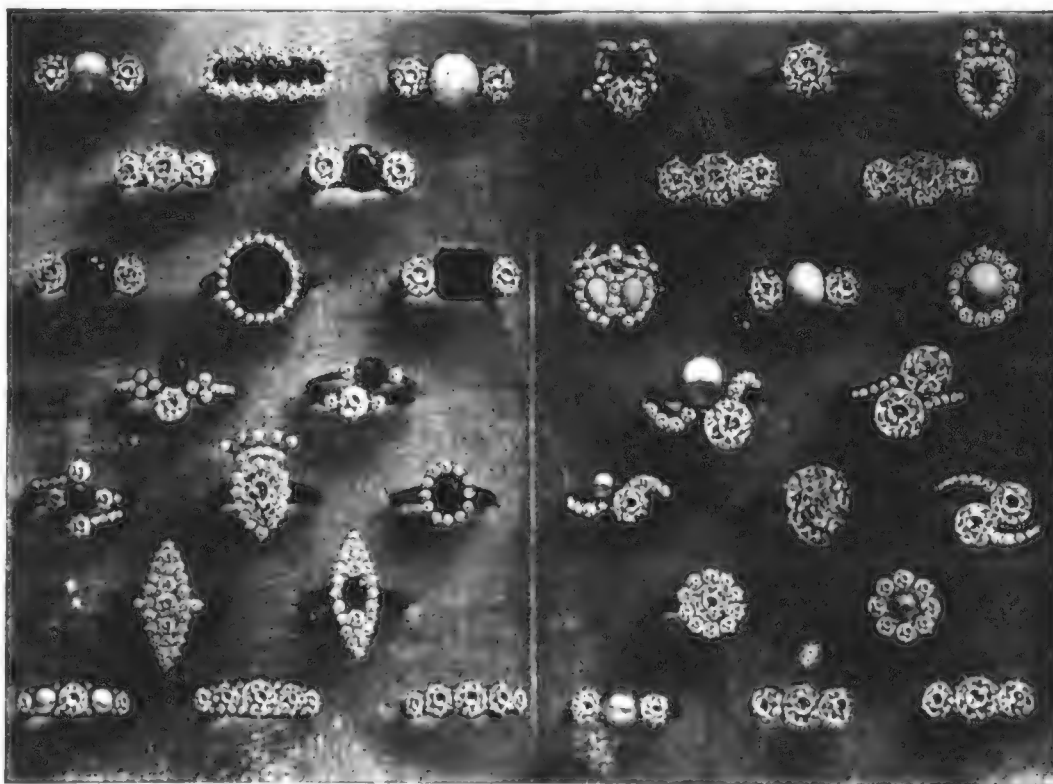
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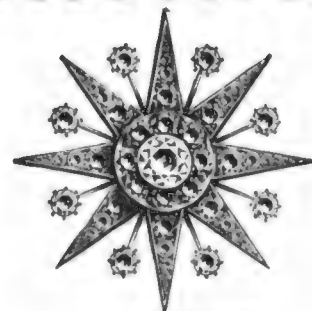
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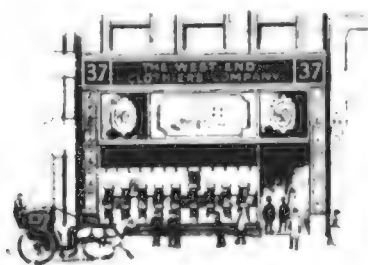
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to Leeds, Liverpool, Manchester, Sheffield and Edinburgh. All the shops do a big general trade, but one or two of them are suited to their environs. Thus, for example, men connected with the Stock Exchange and banking interests get their clothes at the charming shop in the Poultry. On



33 AND 35, CASTLE STREET, LIVERPOOL

Ludgate Hill the City clerk finds an economical field for his outlay, while here there is a special demand for City Liveries and club and business uniforms. A number of American visitors flock to this country all the year round, but especially in the summer. They live at the big hotels in the immediate neighbourhood, but especially the huge Cecil. Being fond



57, BOAR LANE, LEEDS

of smart-cut English-made clothes, they flock to the "West End Clothiers" Strand Establishment, where at all hours of the day the peculiar and unmistakable American accent may be heard. Sportsmen, too, find that they can get just what they want in smart up-to-date goods at this place. There are two establishments in Oxford Street, both splendid



41, HIGH STREET, SHEFFIELD

buildings and ornaments to the street. One is at 242, near the Circus, and the other at the corner of Tottenham Court Road, both being close to the stations of the popular "Twopenny Tube." The establishment in Regent Street has made quite a change in the system of trading in the tailoring business, which used to be so exclusive in that



3, NORTH BRIDGE, EDINBURGH

street. It has an ideal West End trade chiefly amongst country gentlemen, members of the Army and the Church and aristocratic residents generally.

"LUDUS AMORIS"

The principal feature of Mr. Benjamin Swift's very unconventional new novel (Philip Wellby), is a brightly told anecdote of the love of a peer's daughter and heiress for a groom in her father's service, who was really the son of a baronet, and, subsequently, the inheritor of two hundred thousand pounds. This windfall serves to connect the main anecdote with another—how an impecunious surgeon robbed the old miser who bequeathed the fortune for the purpose of leaving nothing undone that science and money could do for the cure, or at least the relief, of the cancer of which the woman he loved was dying—a disease of which some of the pathological details might well have been spared. Unconnected with either of these is a third anecdote of a spoiled only son, who engaged himself to a young woman without caring for her, and eloped with her maid. Mr. Swift's characters are unusually varied. In addition to those already mentioned are a chimney-sweep and his "lady;" an Irish horse-dealer; a professional pickpocket; a French flower-girl; a henpecked rose-grower and a quaint old country dame. They are all very much alive, and are not more unlike real people than the canons of comedy allow.

"PLOTS"

Mr. Bernard Capes has made a strange blunder in opening his collection of "Plots" (Methuen and Co.) with the story of "The Accursed Cordonnier," for much we fear that few persons will care to read further—which would be their misfortune. It may best be described by a short extract:—

The girl's face was white with despair.
"I do not understand," she cried in a piteous voice.
"Nor I," said the young man.

We do not for a moment imply that this new version of the Wandering Jew is actually without a meaning, which may quite possibly be as profound as its expression is obscure. But it is certain to be set down as balderdash in fits by precisely those readers who will the most enjoy the remainder of the volume. The following eight stories are wild enough, but it is with the wildness of genuinely humorous invention; even through the grimmest, as "The Devil's Fantasia," or "The Green Bottle," one seems to catch a twinkle in the author's eye. The bare "plots" that follow the tales are recklessly and delightfully bizarre. They will make the best makers of sensational fiction tremble to think of what Mr. Capes could do if he chose. But they need not be afraid of serious competition on the part of one who has so clear an insight into the whole fun of the game.

"THE SILENT BATTLE"

Mrs. C. N. Williamson's "The Silent Battle" (Hurst and Blackett) seems to be audibly clamouring for conversion into a sensational melodrama. A capable actor could, no doubt, add "convincingness" to the representation of a millionaire murderer who has disfigured his own face with vitriol and amputated his club foot with his own hands, by way of disguise, and devotes himself to the persecution of the beautiful and virtuous heroine in order to achieve her final ruin. Then the great pugilistic scene in the Arabian Night-like cellar in Park Lane demands visible realisation. Mrs. Williamson is always great in colour, whether it be applied to incident, situation, or description, but in "The Silent Battle" she has—to perpetrate a deliberate bull—left even herself behind.

A Hero of the Indian Mutiny

MR. W. BRENDISH, of the Indian Telegraph Service, is the sole surviving hero of one of the most dramatic incidents in the story of the Indian Mutiny. When the Mutineers interrupted communication between Meerut and Delhi early in the afternoon of Sunday,

May 10, the Telegraph Master of Delhi, Mr. Todd, sent out the two young European signallers, Messrs. Brendish and Pilkington, who constituted his staff on the Sunday afternoon, to test the line at the cable house on the Jumna Bridge. On their return, with the report that the line was interrupted beyond the river towards Meerut, he himself went out early on the Monday morning to try and effect repairs, and met his death at the hands of the sowars of the 3rd Light Cavalry while testing the line near the Bridge. The Delhi Telegraph Office was thus left in sole charge of the two young signallers mentioned above, and while the City of Delhi was in a state of uproar and revolt they remained on duty till about 2 p.m., when they took refuge with others at the Flagstaff Tower, which had been made a rendezvous. During the day they sent news constantly to Umballa of the reports of what was going on in the city, but no civil or military officer visited the telegraph office to send any messages, or took control of the telegraph in any way. The two signallers happily escaped, with other refugees, and reached Kurnaul safely the next morning, and joined the Umballa office on the following day. The value of the telegrams sent by Brendish and Pilkington from Delhi on that day can hardly be overestimated. The information wired enabled measures to be taken to disarm the sepoys in many places in the Punjab before they knew what had happened at Meerut and Delhi, and such authorities as Sir Robert Montgomery and Sir Herbert Edwardes have left it on record that the messages from Delhi saved the Punjab, if not India. Left entirely to their own devices, and with every inducement to desert the post and conceal themselves, as heavy firing was going on in the city, bungalows were burning, and many Europeans, to their knowledge, had been murdered, they stuck loyally to the office, and, in the absence of official



MR. W. BRENDISH, M.V.O.,
Who saved the Punjab by telegraphing the news
of the Indian Mutiny

messages, reported all that was going on. Mr. Pilkington died many years ago, but Mr. Brendish has survived to complete some forty years of service to the Telegraph Department of India, and in 1896 retired on a special pension, amounting to his full salary, the Government of India at the same time expressing their appreciation of his "excellent service" at the time of the Mutiny. The conduct of the two young signallers has appealed to many writers on the Mutiny, but most of these chroniclers, including Sir Herbert Edwardes, Holmes, and Mrs. Steele, have made the incident more dramatic by recording that the operators were killed at their instruments by the sepoys after sending the last famous message, and it is pleasant to know, even at this hour, that the gallant lads escaped. The latest development of the story is that Lord Curzon, Viceroy of India, recently unveiled at Delhi a granite obelisk erected by members of the Telegraph Department to commemorate the gallantry of the Delhi staff on the eventful May 11, 1857, when, to quote Sir Robert Montgomery, "The Electric Telegraph saved India." The staff consisted of three men, Charles Todd, who was killed, as before stated, while trying to restore communication with Meerut; W. Brendish, who has now retired; and J. W. Pilkington, who, after escaping to the Flagstaff Tower, returned to the Telegraph Office and signalled an important despatch to the Commander-in-Chief. He was taken prisoner after doing so, but escaped. Mr. Pilkington died in 1867. Our portrait is by Johnston and Hoffman, India.

Paris Gossipings

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

REALLY warm weather has at last come, and Paris is looking its best. There is no more delightful time in the French capital than the month of May. The trees on the Boulevards, the Champs Elysées, and the public gardens, are a mass of green, the air is warm enough for people to sit out of doors, and the excessive heat and the clouds of dust of the summer months are conspicuous by their absence. The Trizange orchestras have now invaded the cafés in the Bois, and thousands of people throng the Chinois, the Cascade, and the cafés on the Lakes to listen to them. The only thing that interferes somewhat with people's enjoyment of the Bois is the presence of the ubiquitous automobile. It is difficult to get used to vehicles which show a predilection for "scorching" at about thirty miles an hour, however skilful their drivers may be, and however much control they may pretend to have over their machine.

I see the French papers state that Mr. Marion Crawford's *Francesca da Rimini* is the only foreign piece that Madame Sarah Bernhardt has ever played in French before it was produced in the language in which it was written. This, I think, is a mistake. If my memory serves me right, the great actress appeared in a dramatised version of Mr. F. C. Phillips's *As in a Looking-Glass*, which was specially written for her in England by the author, and then translated into French. It is curious the simultaneous fashion in which three writers dramatised the famous Italian story. At the

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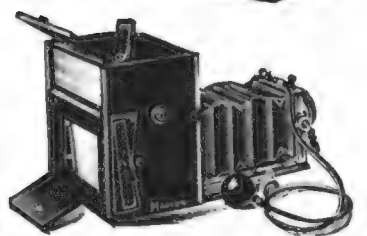
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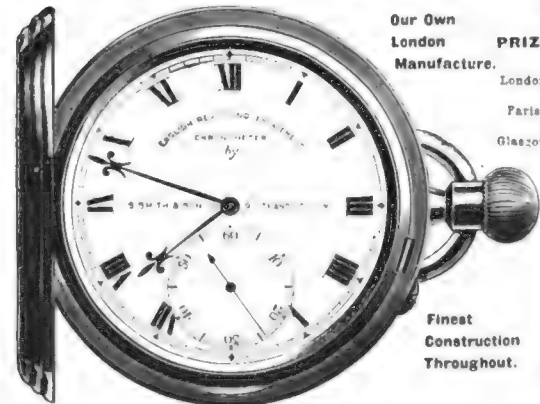
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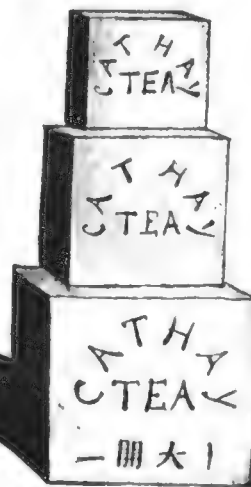
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Music

THE OPERA SEASON

The final arrangements have now been made for the Opera Season, which will commence at Covent Garden next Thursday, and the orchestral rehearsals for which are now in full progress. Scenic and lighting rehearsals have been held during some weeks past, while the house has been entirely re-arranged, with new scarlet stalls, new box linings, and corridor decorations, and a complete system of electric lighting, hundred candle-power lamps being dispersed along the blue ceiling, from which the chandelier has now been taken, and lights of lesser magnitude being placed along the lines of the private boxes.

Many of the new artists (all of them either tenors or *primi tenori*) will appear very early in the season, but the only novelty, namely, Mr. Bunning's *Princess Odra*, will not be seen until July. The season will open next Thursday with *Lohengrin*, in which Madame Nordica and Herr Van Rooy will re-appear, while *debut* will be made by Frl. Fremstad, the mezzo-soprano from Munich, who will play Ortrud, and Herr Pennarini, a tenor from Vienna and Hamburg, who will sing the music of *Lohengrin*. Altogether, apart from his voice, Herr Pennarini is said to be the handsomest man upon the German operatic stage. Next Friday will see the *debut* of M. Colsaut, a light tenor from Brussels, in the comparatively small part of Tylbalt, to the Romeo of M. Salza, the Juliette of Madame Suzanne Adams, and the priest of M. Plançon. On Saturday, the 10th, the Wagner Cycles will commence with *Tannhäuser*. Six Wagner operas have been specially rehearsed, cast, and staged, with new scenery, and two complete cycles of them will be given early in the season. In *Tannhäuser* the leading parts will be played by newcomers, namely, Elizabeth by Frau Kratz, of Strassburg (and who, by the way, is the wife of Herr Lohse, the conductor), Venus, by Mlle. Donges, a brilliant soprano from Munich and Leipzig, and *Tannhäuser* by Herr Kraemer-Helm, a new tenor from Mayence. M. Renaud will make his *reentrée* as Wolfram. Monday, May 12, is set apart for the performance of *Tristan* and the appearance of M. Van Dyck, *Faust* will be given on the 13th, *Carmen* with Frl. Fremstad on the 14th, *Die Walküre* with Frl. Donges as Sieglinde on the 15th, while May 16 is at present set apart for the *reentrée* of Madame Melba as *Jilda* in *Rigoletto*, and the *debut* as the Duke of Signor Caruso, who is considered now the greatest tenor in Italy.

It has now been decided that the Coronation "Command" performance, which will probably take place on June 24, the Tuesday of Coronation week, shall open with Dr. Elgar's new arrangement of "God Save the King," sung by 160 voices of the Sheffield Festival Choir. This will be followed by Dr. Elgar's Coronation Ode, or at any rate a large portion of it. For the Ode is at present in no fewer than seven numbers, in all of which, excepting the quartet "Only let thy heart be pure," and in the duet "Hark upon

the hallowed air," the chorus take part. One number is a solo, "Britain ask of thyself," which will be sung by Madame Melba. The words are from the pen of Mr. A. C. Benson, a son of the late Archbishop. In the finale the band of the Goldstream Guards will take part. The Sheffield singers will then have to leave the stage clear for the regular members of the Opera company, and three or four favourite scenes from operas will be sung by M. Jean de Reszke, Madame Melba, and other leading members of the troupe. In all probability the stalls will be ten guineas each.

We have had some important musical performances this week, for the season has begun in full earnest. The Queen's Hall Festival started on Monday, with a mixed programme devoted for the most part to familiar works, such as Beethoven's Violin Concerto, played by M. Ysaye, Tchaikowsky's March written for the Coronation of Alexander III., and the hackneyed "Symphonie Pathétique," under the direction of Mr. Wood. The only novelty was a Suite made out of the incidental music written by Mr. Percy Pitt for the performance of *Paolo and Francesca* at the St. James's Theatre. M. Ysaye conducted on Tuesday, when Herr Becker played Haydn's Violoncello Concerto in D, and the symphony was Beethoven's in C minor. The Festival lasted, indeed, throughout the week, Herr Nikisch, conductor of the Leipzig Gewandhaus Concerts, and who has not been here for nearly ten years, now making his reappearance, but in a familiar programme; while two concerts were announced to be directed by the celebrated Berlin conductor, Herr Weingartner, and the final concert this afternoon will be conducted by Dr. Saint-Saëns.

Dr. Joachim and his Berlin quartet party have returned and have started a series of quartet concerts at St. James's Hall. The platform was again put in the centre of the hall. The opening programme was devoted to Beethoven, and all five of the "posthumous" quartets will be performed in the course of the season, which ends the week after next.

Rural Notes

THE SEASON

THE spring, after our long and weary English winter, is so welcome that year after year we read of how the growth of vegetation in later April has been surprising, of how the country wears a smile instead of a frown, and of how the year is full of promise. As a prosaic matter of fact, the present season is nothing remarkable one way or the other, but florists and gardeners agree in calling it just a week late. Geraniums, usually on sale at the suburban florists' on April 15, were just a week behindhand this season, and fuchsias, which follow a week after geraniums, are only now coming into evidence. The purple flag of the ordinary garden, which is usually out by May 1, is only exceptionally so this year. The April rainfall was decidedly below the mean, while there were no fewer than fifteen days when the wind was in the east. On the

other hand the sunshine record was twice that of March and temperature rose to a full mean. The wheat plant with its deep roots has come on fairly well and the strongly rooted hops have made a good start up their poles. But the pastures have done but poorly, the shrubs are late in leafing and in the woods the oak, the plane, and the ash are all very late.

FORESHORE

The societies which protect footpaths, open spaces, and wild birds respectively have done, and are doing, yeoman service. But who protects the foreshore? In our experience the public highway between high and low water-mark is continually being seized by private owners. Quite recently a large piece of the foreshore between Putney and Barnes has been annexed by a private company, while all round Christchurch Harbour the public is now shut out from delightful walks once open to all. As far north as the Shetlands, the right of anglers to land in estuaries between high and low water-mark is assailed, and riparian owners, along sea estuaries generally, are shutting out visitors from the foreshore. The foreshores, generally speaking, belong to the Office of Woods and Forests, but persons wishing to get land cheap hire pieces of the foreshore on leases at a low rent and then enclose. There is great need of a Foreshore Protection Society.

MR. HANBURY ON FLOUR

The speech of the Minister of Agriculture at Stafford was marked by Mr. Hanbury's wonted combination of practical sense and bluff outspokenness. He wishes his financial colleague had had the courage to make the duty on flour much heavier. As Mr. Hanbury pointed out, a duty on flour is not a tax on food. We can grind the wheat at home both cheaply and well. It is, in the first place, a protection of capital invested in milling machinery; in the second place, a protection to skilled labour which has spent years in learning how best to work the machinery, and it is, finally, a method of securing bran middlings and pollard for our stock-keepers. Mr. Hanbury reckons that by importing wheat with the bran middlings, etc., removed we have lost twenty-five millions sterling in twenty years. The point, of course, is that the minor products of the mill are still produce; they are consumed or used in one form or another to the last peck. Bread eaters are too apt to assume that what is not in the loaf is so much dirt washed off, as it were, before the bread appears on the table. There is, therefore, no loss on freight, as there is when certain products from savage countries have to be cleaned after arrival instead of before shipment.

MAKING UP THE MONEY

This is how the Chancellor expects to make up his 2,664,000/- out of corn. Wheat will pay the most, 872,000/-, then maize, 642,000/-. Flour comes third, with 470,000/-, oats fourth, with 281,000/-, and barley fifth, with 276,000/-. These are the four great powers of the corn trade. Maize, the newcomer, has gone up into second place. The minor articles relied upon are oatmeal, 18,000/-, meal, 34,000/-, beans 23,000/-, peas 26,000/-, and

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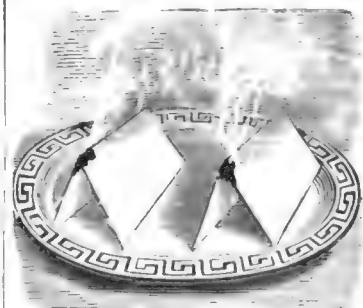
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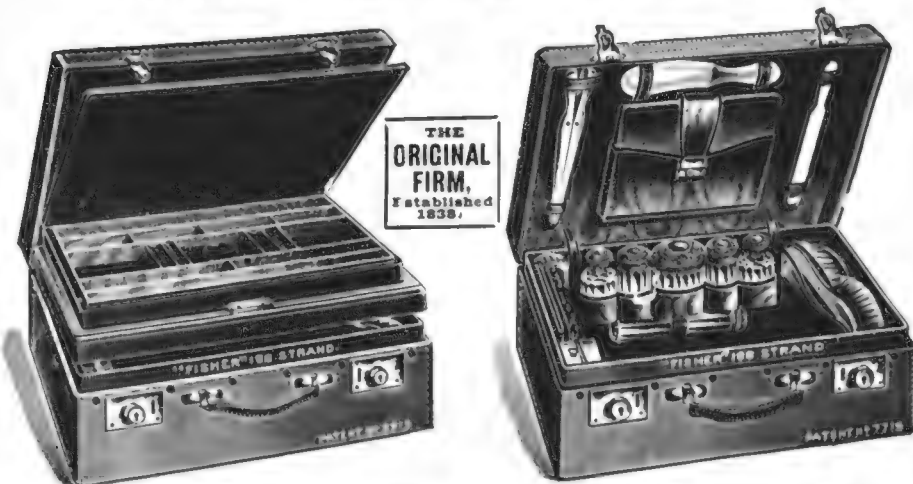
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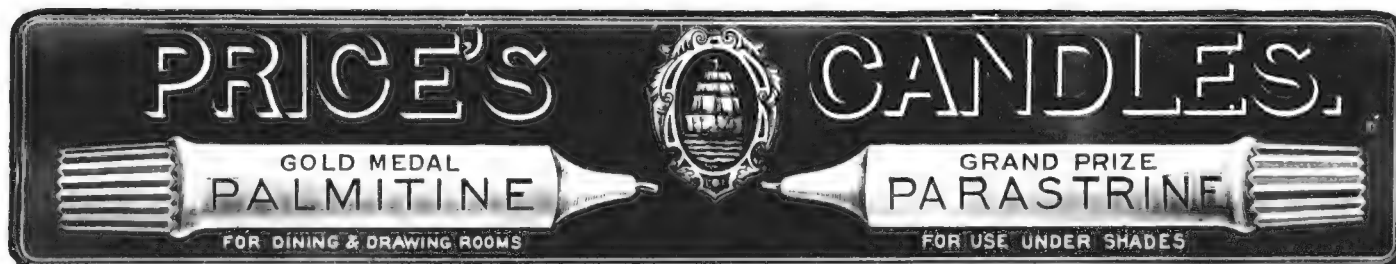
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